

# The Sketch

No. 1394 —Vol. CVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



"WITH THE CLEOPATRIC FACE": MISS WANDA LYON.

Miss Wanda Lyon is a great success in "Joy-Bells," at the London Hippodrome. The programme waxes enthusiastic about her, and the audience endorses the official opinion. Here is what is written: "What a wonder of a girl is Wanda Lyon. There is nothing she cannot do.

With her delightful songs, her charming smiles, with just an elfin suggestion of dimples, she makes you her slave. She is the newcomer to the Hippodrome with the Cleopatric face, eyes like black diamonds, and the mouth rich in expression."—[*Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

### The Most Patient Country.

After America, this is the most patient country in the world. I doubt whether even America, that land of mythical liberty, would have put up with such an idiotic business as the railway strike. In order to extend the war-wage—or rather the certainty of the war-wage—from April to September, the whole country had to be brought to a standstill, hundreds of thousands of pounds had to be lost, food-stuffs had to be cut down to the barest margin, and Generals and Bishops and Admirals had to sweep out railway-carriages.

In ordinary life, of course, the dispute would have been settled in this way:—

MR. THOMAS: How long can the men have the war-wage?

THE PREMIER: Oh, say April.

MR. THOMAS: Give us a bit longer, old chap.

THE PREMIER: Well, will September do?

MR. THOMAS: Certainly. Most generous. Good-morning.

And the strike would never have taken place. Having taken place, it was ended by the public. The public made it perfectly clear that they had had enough of this sort of thing, but they were wonderfully patient in their way of showing it. Next time—!

### Patience in America.

In America, of course, the public are so accustomed to being treated like children that any State can frame a thousand laws and they will all be kept. Here is a typical instance. Once, on a long train journey, I awoke in the middle of the night very thirsty. Steam-heated carriages with all the windows closed do excite thirst. Clambering with difficulty from my upper berth, I went to the end of the car, where I had noticed a water-tap and a glass. But the glass was missing.

"Can you get me a glass?" I asked the conductor.

"You can't have no glass," he replied.

"Why not? There was a glass here last night."

"Sure. We was in 'nother State last night."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"No glasses 'lowed in this State."

"Well, a cup will do."

"Can't have no cup, neither. No public drinking-vessels in this State."

"But I'm parched! I want a drink of water!"

He shrugged his shoulders. I had to drink out of my hand, and every man, woman, and child on that train, unless provided with a private drinking-vessel, had to do the same.

### No Chicken and Ham.

But I believe Americans love laws. I believe they make laws for the sake of making them. As if there were not enough public laws, the citizens make little laws of their own.

Here is another train story. On a certain "diner" in America, all the food being cold, I ordered a plate of chicken and ham. The steward shook his head. "No chicken and ham," said he.

"But why not?"

"We don't serve chicken and ham."

"Have you any cold chicken?"—"Yepp."

"And have you some ham?"

"Sure."

"Very well. I should like some chicken and ham."

"We can't have ut. We don't serve ut."

"Oh, don't you? We'll see about that. Bring me some chicken, please." He brought it. "And now some ham." He brought that. "Now watch me carefully." And I shovelled the contents of the two plates together. "Chicken and ham," said I.

The steward was unconvinced. He knew for a fact that chicken and ham was prohibited on that train. What I had accomplished was merely an optical delusion.



IN AN ALL-IRISH FILM: MISS KEATINGS AS A SLAVE GIRL.

A wonderful new film is now being produced in Ireland, illustrating the life of St. Patrick. Miss Keatings, a beautiful Irish girl, plays the part of a slave, who, with St. Patrick, is sold in the market.

Photograph by C.N.

### England for the English.

We are beginning to lose sight of the fact that England belongs to the English. Lots of people are claiming England. The Germans had no doubt whatever that England belonged to Germany. It took four years of the bloodiest war in the history of the world to get the idea out of their thick heads.

Then various sections of the community began to put in a claim. The miners discovered, with much zest, that England belonged to them, and they went on strike to prove it. Even now the miners are not wholly convinced that England belongs to the English. Imagine the indignation of the miners when the railwaymen claimed

England! Nonsense! Rubbish! That would not do at all! The railwaymen had to abandon their claim.

In the meantime, the Transport Workers were framing a claim. Clearly, if they could hold up transport, England belonged to the Transport Workers! A grand idea! Inconvenience of the public? Waste of food? Oh, well, give us England and we'll see what we can do about it.

If the English people could only believe that England belongs to the English, and not to any section of the community, we should see the end of strikes. That happy day may yet come. We are all getting a little tired of being exploited for the benefit of the greedy.

### NOTE TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS: SOCIETY SNAPSOTS.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to receive amateur photographs of Society house-parties, shoots, and social events generally, with a view to publication. All photographs submitted should be fully titled. All used will be paid for liberally. Snapshots should be addressed to The Editor, "The Sketch," Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, as quickly as possible after the event.



## WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG! THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH.



PA BEHAVED IN SUCH  
A SHEEPISH FASHION  
AFTER HIS  
OPERATION



UNCLE TOM GOT  
UP TO ALL SORTS  
OF MONKEY TRICKS



PEOPLE NOTICED A SUBTLE  
CHANGE IN OLD GAFFER



"I CAN'T HELP  
THINKING JOHN THAT  
METHUSELAH KNEW  
SOMETHING OF ALL THIS"

"AY, AY, SIR, AN' MY  
OLD PARROT TOO!"



UP AGAINST IT



'PON MY WORD I'VE  
GIVEN THE OLD  
BLIGHTER THE  
MATURING MIXTURE  
INSTEAD OF THE  
REJUVENATOR

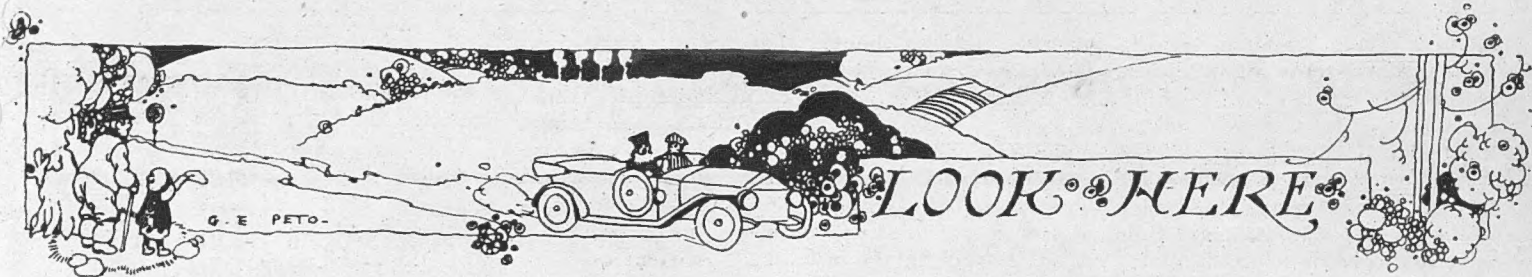


THREE WEEKS IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG MAN WITH EXPECTATIONS

## PUTTING BACK THE CLOCK: SOME "VORONOFF" POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

Dr. Voronoff recently announced that the grafting of the interstitial gland of a monkey on an old man might restore his strength and, in fact, act as the long-sought elixir of youth. When all the world is

young again, by means of this new operation, we may see some curious sights. Our artist has given us a forecast of the possibilities of a General Rejuvenation!



"IN the first place," said Mariegold, "I want you to dispel a legend. Lady Margaret Sackville does *not* spend her time at poetry dinners—dinners, I mean, at which stray minor poets talk minor poetry, with a dash of Donne and Rupert Brooke thrown in, to give a tone. Even *The Sketch* has been propagating that legend, and it has got to be dispelled. Lady Margaret is too rare and illusive a person, and her poetry too full of a character all its own, to be tied down and bound for ever to Poetry Societies and a Book of Rules."

"But she was the President of a Poetry Society once upon a time," I answered, "and still gives readings—she is to give one in November. I believe a President can hardly disclaim any connection with the Society she presides over!"

"But she's no longer President," said Mariegold. "Besides, it's one thing to be a President (in the past, mind you) and to give readings, and quite another to be labelled eternally as a person who small-talks about literature and attends the gobble-gabble func-

sorts of interesting things. I was last there during the strike, and I defy anybody to think of her house as a china-ornament-and-idle-conversation establishment."

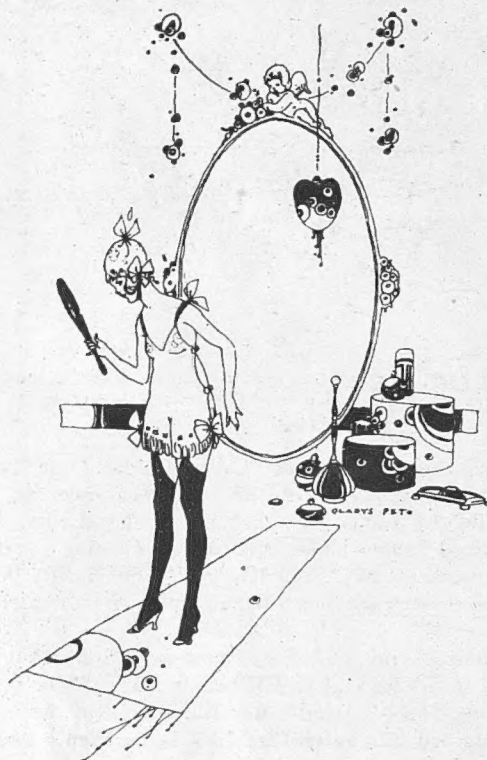
"What, had the milk-cans spread across from the Park over the way?" I asked.

"No," said Mariegold. "But the spirit of work had, and Lady Scarbrough was ready for anything. If the strike had lasted another day, I fancy you would have seen her and Lady Serena in overalls, in Paddington Goods Station."

Lady Serena is, of course, Lord and Lady Scarbrough's young and very pretty daughter.

"Fair and serene, which she ought to be!" said Mariegold.

"It took a little while to throw off the strike attitude of mind," said Mariegold. "It took longer to forget about ticket-punching



1. Angela has always believed that brevity is the soul of wit.

tions of the minor poets. I do really want you to say you're sorry!"

"Sorry!" I said.

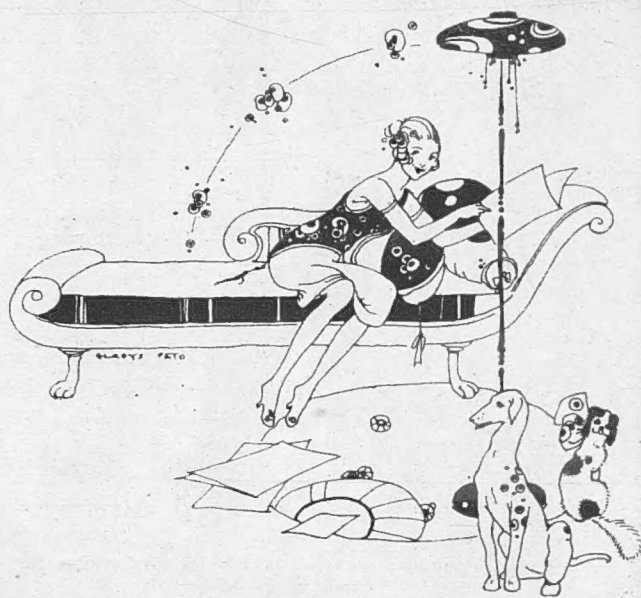
"As for the readings," went on Mariegold, "they are more or less sensible and practical. Even when they put out the lights and recited to you in the dark at the Poetry Book Shop, there was some sort of reasonableness behind it—you had to listen, instead of wondering which was the longer—the bobbed hair of the damsels or the unshorn hair of the young men. But the dinners—no, no! I imagine anybody would rather attend tea-parties in Park Lane, and talk weather or neighbours."

"With a cup-and-ball?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" said Mariegold.

"I'm quoting Rousseau," I answered, "who couldn't abide drawing-rooms and idle conversation, and the hostess who gave her guests nothing better to do than to get up and admire the ornaments on the mantelpiece. So he felt inclined, he said, to take a cup-and-ball, with which to while away the tedious hour."

"But why drag in Park Lane as an awful warning?" asked Mariegold. "Once upon a time it may have been nothing more than the shrine of mantelpieces and ornaments; nowadays it really is frightfully interesting—No. 21, for instance, where Lady Scarbrough has gathered together all



2. She is delighted to read that "the skirt this winter will be worn shorter than ever."

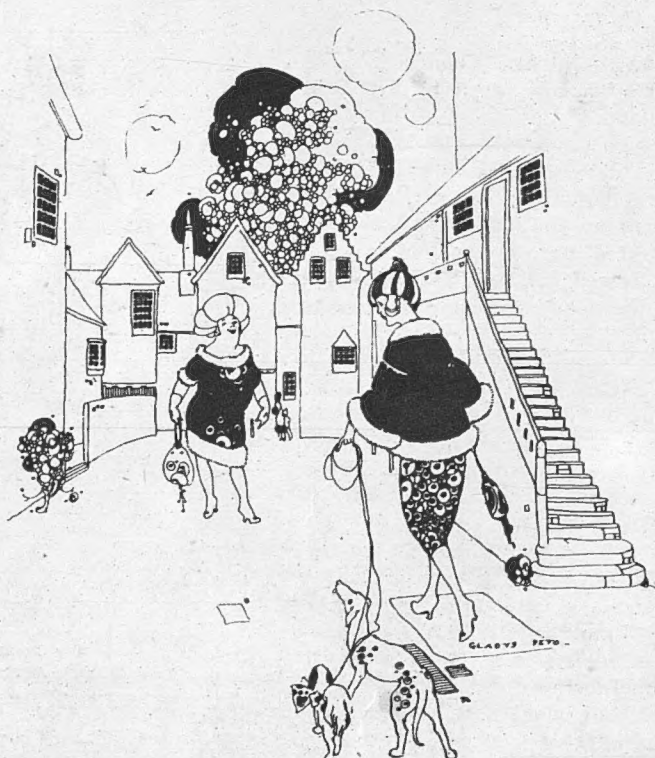
than to learn about it. And Hyde Park does not find it easy to relapse into Church parades and languorous hours again. My old friend who collects the pennies for the chairs just inside Dorchester Gate asked me the other day if I thought he could get a job with the R.A.F.—so impressed had he been with the lorries from Slough."

"You broke it gently to him that he would not suit the part of 'IT' on the recruiting posters," I suggested.

"Of course I didn't," she said. "If Lord Redesdale can drive a goods train at a pinch, and a very Reverend Canon of Ely—a great gun in his way—do the work of a fireman on a railway engine, I did not discourage him. Why shouldn't he, poor dear, try to be 'IT' if he wants to? Tastes differ; for myself, I don't take to 'IT.'"

The King and Queen were not too late to see something of Hyde Park in its agony. The Queen took tea, and served it, at the stall of Lady Hugh Grosvenor, who gave a great deal of energy to seeing things through. She lives not far away, but she practically lived among the lorries during the crisis.

"Her Majesty did not take the pennies herself," said Mariegold. "It's just as well to get one's history right while it is being made. But she was very business-like, and



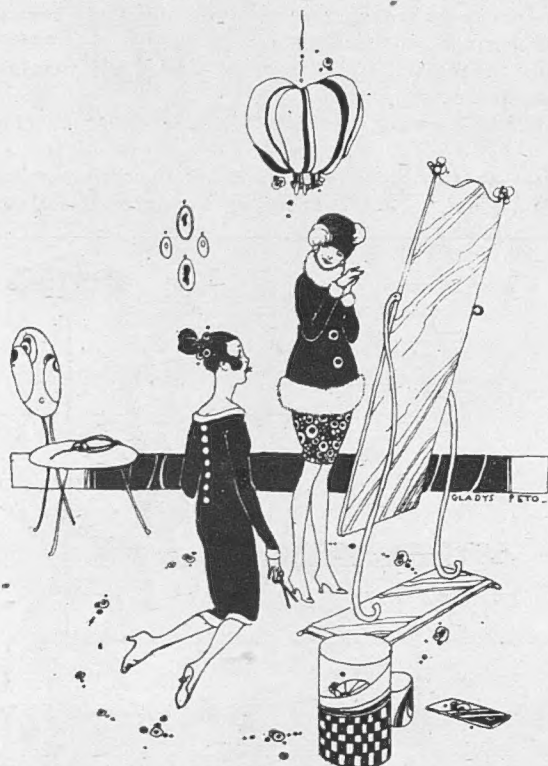
3. Angela's winter skirt is abbreviated, but Aunt Babsie, who loves to "go one better," has one even shorter.



a 'cash' lady standing beside took the takings—though that doesn't sound quite right, either. How *would* an A.B.C. maiden express it?"

London has put plenty of work in the way of his Majesty since his sudden return to town. Audiences were very speedily fixed up with, among others, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss and Sir Arthur Gough-Calthorpe and Major-General Edmund Ironside, who struck people as refreshingly cheerful, all things considered—all things including the Russian tragedy.

"General Diaz I want to see—he gets the Freedom of the City on the 24th," said Mariegold; "and there are other interesting visitors if one knew just when to look for them. Count Romanones with his wife and their daughter, Countess de Pastrana, are in town; and at the Ritz the other day were Prince and Princess Axel of Denmark, only I didn't know it until too late. But I noticed the Princess, without realising who she was—she was so very attractive."



4. In consultation with her modiste, Angela evolves the minimum in skirts.

"At any rate you'll not fail to recognise the Shah of Persia when he gets here in the middle of November," I said.

"I'm not so sure," she said. "One may go badly wrong even with these potentates. Don't you remember the old rhyme?"

"Is that the Lama, pa?  
No, my pet;  
It is the Mahatma  
Of Tibet."

The Shah is at present in Paris on the quiet. Then he goes to the South of France, then does Paris officially, as if he had only just arrived there, then comes to London.

"Paris, by the way, is fuller than London," said Mariegold. "Not a flat to be had, furnished or unfurnished, in all that city of flats. I was asked to go over there, but the passports, the two photographs stunt, and the thought of all the little bills one pays over there—innumerable francs—deterred me. I would have liked to be there for the wedding of Betty Sewell and Sir Norman Leslie. Millicent Duchess of Sutherland was there, and the Derbys and lots of other people—but not *this* little girl."

"New York hoodwinked' the papers say, because the King and Queen of Belgium went their rounds without letting themselves be recognised," said Mariegold. "It was hardly kind, I think, not to give America, which is so specially keen on Royalty, the chance of its lifetime. I would almost feel inclined to put on my crown if I happened to be a king and a hero in one."

Then she mentioned Lady Granard, who has been enjoying her American visit immensely, and I told her I had been reading Sir Henry Lucy's story—he is very far from vouching for its truth—about Lord Granard and the way he fell into his job of Lord-in-Waiting during Campbell-Bannerman's Administration. Lord Granard used to be chaffed a good deal about his Liberalism by his mess-mates in the Scots Guards—so much chaffed that when he received a note from the Premier, who was then forming his Government, asking him to call on him in Belgrave Square, he might well have suspected a hoax. But he didn't; he paid the call instead. The young peer waited for the politician to come to the point, but "C.-B." didn't. Granard waited longer. At last "C.-B." who had his hands

full, asked his undeparting guest if there was anything he could do for him. Then the letter was produced and pronounced a fraud. "But as you are here," said the Premier, "I would like to offer you the post of Lord-in-Waiting." It was accepted forthwith, which meant that the young soldier had the best of the joke, and a salary of £700 a year.

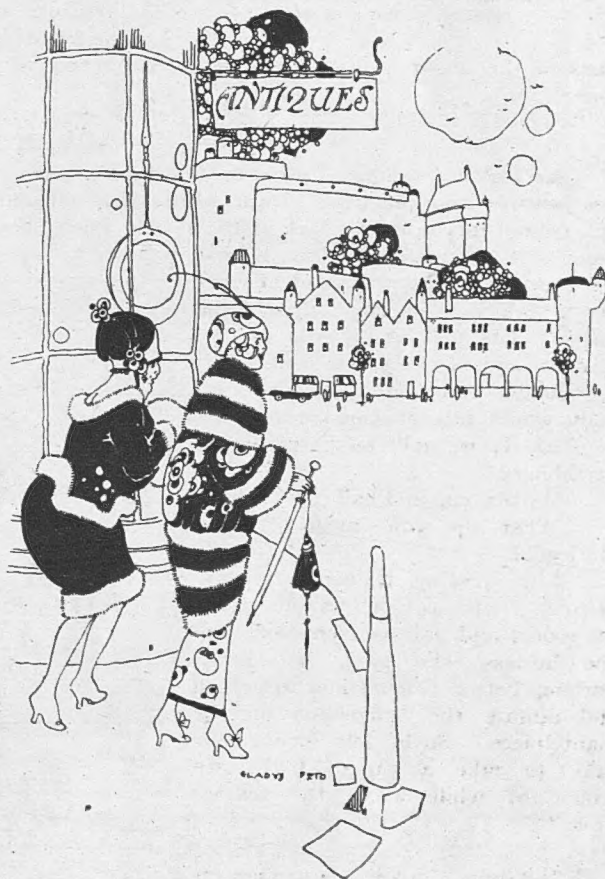
"I suppose the mess got champagne from Lord G. that night to console it," said Mariegold.



5. Algy, however, puts his foot down at times, and the new skirt is definitely and absolutely banned by marital censorship.

"Everybody was rejoiced to see Lady Diana Duff-Cooper again," said Mariegold, "though at her reappearance at the Ritz she was wheeled in a chair by her husband. Lady Meux and Lady de Trafford were there the same evening, and of course many acquaintances of Lady Diana's, who hardly knew whether to congratulate her on her reappearance, or commiserate on the chair stunt."

"Talking of dinners," said I, "it was amusing to see Winston confessing to a meal with the Duke of Westminster. These things always will out. At one time Winston washed his hands of the 'gold-fish dukes'; one imagined him eating haddock in cabmen's shelters



6. The only thing which Angela can do now is to wear the longest skirt that ever was, in order to perplex Aunt Babsie—a scheme which succeeds admirably.

as a protest against the meals he had renounced at Blenheim. But now in evidence he admits that the Tanks were first discussed at a ducal table."

"So one may still dine on caviare—and serve one's country," said Mariegold.



## OF TOPICAL INTEREST: SOME PICTURES OF THE DAY.



1. MASTER OF THE GARTH: MAJOR JACKSON.

3. TRYING A NEW "STUNT": LORD JELlicoe THROWING THE BOOMERANG IN AUSTRALIA.

2. MASTER OF HERTFORDSHIRE FOXHOUNDS: EARL OF CAVAN.

4. JOAN OF ARC UP TO DATE: MRS. CAPRON, WHO DREAMED OF TANKS.

Fox-hunting is claiming the attention of all the world to-day, and cubbing is in full swing. Major Jackson, Master of the Garth, has had, however, to take his sport by going out with the South Berks, as his own hounds are confined to kennels under the Rabies Order.—Lieutenant-General

the Earl of Cavan is Master of the Hertfordshire, and is seen in our photograph at a meet at Hoo Kimpton.—Mrs. Effie Cloete Capron is the lady who figures in the Tank Invention Inquiry, and was referred to by Mr. Justice Sargant as having "seen Tanks in a vision."



## TO ENTERTAIN THE PRINCE OF WALES: ANGLO-AMERICANS.



GRACE, LADY NEWBOROUGH.



THE HON. LADY WARD.



LADY MAIDSTONE.

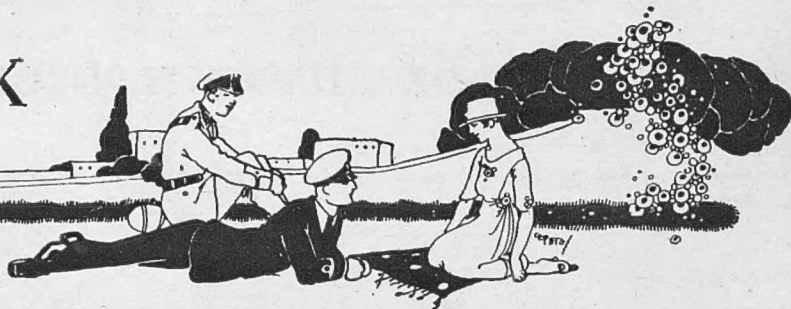
The Prince of Wales's visit to the United States, which is scheduled to take place this month as the final act in his tour, will be the occasion of much gaiety in New York. Among the hostesses who will entertain the Prince, are Grace, Lady Newborough, Lady Maidstone, and the Hon. Lady Ward, three beautiful Americans who are as well known in London as in New York. Grace, Lady Newborough, is the

widow of the fourth Baron, and before her marriage, in 1900, was Miss Carr. Lady Maidstone is the daughter of Mr. Anthony Joseph Drexel, and the wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Winchilsea. The Hon. Lady Ward, C.B.E., is the daughter of H.E. the late Hon. Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador in London, and the wife of the Hon. Sir John Ward, K.C.V.O., brother of the Earl of Dudley.

Photographs by Lallie Charles.



## SMALL TALK



WITH the return of the King and Queen to London, Society will begin to sit up and take notice. The autumn season, if the "Society" chroniclers are to be believed, promises to be unusually "gay." The thrill of the moment, however, is connected with the "new dances from Paris." At the moment

of writing their character is a profound secret, and Mayfair does not yet know whether it will be dancing upright or on all fours. But for "the strike" the matter might have been clear; but with so many dancing-room *habitués* sorting milk-cans and practising as porters, the contemplated exhibition of new steps had to be deferred.

*Looking Better.*

It was rather hard on his Majesty that his holiday should finish in an atmosphere of anxiety. He, of course, has no politics, and never takes sides; nevertheless no one follows events with closer interest than the King, and he had not been back home long before he had made himself acquainted at first hand with the details of the whole situation. Their Majesties' early visit to Hyde Park to inspect the arrangements for supplying London's milk was



TO MARRY MR. A. C. G. SPARROW:  
MISS WINEFRIDE HARDING.

Miss Winefride Harding, whose engagement to Mr. A. C. G. Sparrow, of The Manor House, Chelford, has recently been announced, is the youngest daughter of Mr. Francis Egerton Harding, and the Hon. Mrs. Harding, of Old Springs, Market Drayton, and the niece of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh.

Photograph by Vandyk.

characteristic of the thoroughness which both the King and Queen bring to bear on everything with which they are brought in contact.

*Still Popular.*

The passion for jade still continues, and is not, so the jewellers say, likely to abate. In this connection it is interesting to recall that Queen Alexandra is a

keen jade collector, and is reputed to own a rather unique assortment of figures in this material. Outsiders who are privileged to give a birthday souvenir to her Majesty frequently take advantage of her affection for jade to add another specimen to her collection.

*Cake by Aeroplane.*

Quite fittingly, the wedding-cake intended for the bride of the Air Attaché to the British Embassy in Paris went over to France by aeroplane. The arrangement was not originally intended to form part of the programme; but more than one wedding party had to alter their plans to meet difficulties created by the strike. The bride, however, had to be content with a "scratch" retinue—the allusion is not, of course, to the character or appearance of those composing it, but merely to the limited time in which they were collected. Travelling by

air is still too expensive a business when it comes to transporting a train of maids from London to Paris. But neither Sir Norman Leslie nor his bride looked as if strike difficulties weighed heavily on their spirits.

*Not the First Time.*

Probably the last thing on earth the King felt inclined for after his enforced motor journey to Lowther Castle the other day was exercise. Still, if his Majesty had wished to walk he might have done so for something like seven miles without going outside the grounds, which are said to be something like 5000 acres in extent. This is by no means the first time that Lady Lonsdale has acted as hostess to Royalty. King Edward was more than once a guest at Lowther Castle, which has a fine deer park and excellent shooting. By-the-bye, which is correct: Lowther, or Lowther Castle? "Debrett" gives the second, and to suspect the fat red-and-gold-and-black book of inaccuracy seems something like high treason. Yet it has been stated that the name of the Lonsdale seat in Westmorland is plain Lowther, another interesting bit of gossip in connection with the place being that a former Earl pulled down the village of Lowther in order that the name should be used only in connection with his own abode. The village itself was re-built on another site and named Clifton.

*Long Ago.*

Lord Lonsdale, by the way, used at one time to enjoy the doubtful distinction of being a personal friend of the ex-German Emperor. The friendship, however, was more or less a thing of the past before the war. Gossip has it that the Earl, disgusted with the conceit of the Imperial entourage during a visit to Lowther Castle, compared the Lowther lineage to that of a Würtemberger, not altogether to the advantage of the latter. As a consequence, Lord Lonsdale, when he visited Potsdam for manoeuvres, was lodged in a hotel instead of, as had at first been arranged, at the Royal Palace. The method of retaliation is so typically Hunnish that the story is probably true.

*Porter Peers.*

Porter peers and titled vanmen, monocled porters, gloved coal-heavers, and the like have led to a boom in the manicure business. Engine-driving and "greasing" isn't the best thing in the world for one's nails, and not a few will carry the marks of their labours on their hands for some time to come. There was a certain irony in Lord Grimthorpe's services being utilised as a vanman. A year or two ago his Lordship was fined £3 at Feltham for exceeding the speed-limit in a motor-car. Lord Grimthorpe was one of the earliest bridegrooms of the war. His wife, who was Miss Mary Archdale, presented him with a second son last year, thereby placing the family in a better position as regards direct heirs than usual.



A BRIDE OF THE WEEK: MRS. THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

Mrs. Thomas Armstrong, whose marriage took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Saturday last, is the younger of Lady Guendolen Little's two daughters by her first husband, Colonel Edward Chaplin. The bride is the niece of the present Earl of Shrewsbury.

Photograph by Vandyk.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL  
LEONARD BAGSHAW: MISS ANNE  
JOSEPHINE SLADEN.

Miss Anne Josephine Sladen, whose marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel Leonard Bagshawe, C.I.E., D.S.O., O.B.E., third son of the late C. W. Bagshawe, is fixed for Oct. 14, is the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. Sladen, and of the late Lady Sarah Sladen. Miss Sladen is the granddaughter of the eighth Earl of Cavan, as before her marriage Lady Sarah Sladen was Lady Sarah Lambart.

Photograph by Bassano.



## IN CANADA : DAUGHTERS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.



IN THE GARDEN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA : LADY RACHEL AND LADY DOROTHY CAVENDISH.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, whose daughters, Lady Rachel and Lady Dorothy Cavendish, are with them at Government House, Ottawa, entertained the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to

Ottawa. Lady Dorothy is the third of the Duke's daughters, and Lady Rachel is the fourth and youngest grown-up girl among the Cavendish quintet.—[*Photograph by International Portrait Service.*]



## IN AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VENETIAN BALLET: TCHERNICHEVA.



*In "The Good-Humoured Ladies": Mme. Lubov Tchernicheva.*

Mme. Lubov Tchernicheva, whose rare beauty and exquisite dancing have won her the hearts of all admirers of the Russian Ballet (that is to say, of all smart and artistic London), is equally irresistible

whether she represents a character in eighteenth-century Venice, as in "The Good-Humoured Ladies"; or the Græco-Egyptian Cleopatra, or Thamar—but to go on would merely mean a long list of all her rôles.

*Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*



## WELCOMED BACK: A BEAUTIFUL RUSSIAN BALLET DANCER.



*Now at the Empire: Mlle. Thamar Karsavina.*

The new season of the Russian Ballet is one of the compensations of those who are compelled to come back to London; and Mlle. Thamar Karsavina is continuing her immense success as a première danseuse,

at the Empire, where she is as fascinating as she was at the Alhambra during the summer, and on previous occasions when she has been seen on the London stage.—[*Photograph by Bertram Park.*]



# WITHOUT PREJUDICE

LONG will the tale be told round the bore-ridden and anecdote-swept firesides of Britain how Uncle stormed the Princes Theatre on the Great First Night. The little ones will gather round him as the wind whistles dismally round the house, and (Hist! Was that a wolf howling outside?) the wood flames crackle and leap merrily up the chimney (Yule logs by Clarkson). Jimmy will clench his little fists bravely, and tiny Nell will press closer to dear Uncle's knees as he runs his long gnarled fingers (fingers by Rustic Chairs, Ltd.) through her clustering golden curls and tells them the old, old story.

It all had a faint air of special excursions from the country and large parties that had driven up in station omnibuses (Uncle is so old, you know, that his memory goes back to the old coaching days, as they used to call them, when Mr. Thomas used to run railway trains, and jolly omnibuses covered with trunks and tin baths and perambulators and things used to drive around the termini). Somebody said, a trifle unkindly, that lots of them looked like the enthusiastic but unworldly membership of local Choral Societies. But they were all cheerful; so what did it matter? And there were lots of other people besides.

The queue—this is almost the most exciting part of Uncle's narrative—was terrific; and shaking voices were heard feverishly inquiring for seats returned by Savoyards who had over-estimated their capacity for driving in from Norbiton in donkey bath-chairs. The emotion before the first tap of Mr. Geoffrey Toye's baton was overwhelming, and Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. (why not Sir?) Rutland Barrington added fuel to the fire by turning up. The purists insisted on silence for the overture in more than the best operatic style. One says "more than," because people really want to hear Sullivan's overtures, whilst at operas what most of us are really after is to be seen wanting to hear the music.

The English Bayreuth was really most cheerfully inaugurated, and it is, perhaps, characteristic of the ineradicable frivolity of the insane English which so scandalised the solemn-eyed Continentals during the war that their musical pilgrimages should take them so invariably in the direction of light-hearted operetta. There was a due gravity about the celebration; there was a sea of heads nodding in time to the conductor's

wand, and the old appeared to be explaining every point to the young. But all this solemnity and enthusiasm was about the Duke of Plaza-Toro and the King of Barataria, not about the affairs of Aïda or the Tristan business. Striking, somehow.

The Gilbertian *festa* is really a most useful institution for Mother of Ten and Father of Eight, and all those other people who write letters to the papers about the disgraceful train service to Walham

Green and the grossly inadequate fire in the waiting-room on the up side at Ravenscourt Park. Because they must have somewhere to take them in the holidays. And those Revues are so . . . well, aren't they . . . just a little . . . sometimes . . . don't you think? That is the aching void in the Heart of London that the Princes Theatre will help to fill. And about time, too.

The middle-aged enthusiasm which greeted the advent of Mr. Henry Lytton was really a beautiful sight and sound. The reappearances of Charles Keane or Mrs. Siddons would probably provoke from their contemporaries a somewhat huskier, a more quavering, a distinctly less certain response, because so far too much water has flowed under the bridges since their old, original gala nights. But Time, which has laid rude hands upon the admirers of Jenny Lind and the *amateurs* of David Garrick, has merely mellowed the Savoyard devotees of Mr. Lytton. Their heads, as the late Mr. W. E. Henley would have said, are (omitting his unpleasant exordium) unbowed. So they sat up and determinedly prevented the Duke from beginning his part.

The Grand Inquisitor was full of memories: Mr. Rutland Barrington was there in the house; but Fred Billington, whose silent grimaces were the stand-by of the company when it dropped anchor in the New Theatre, Oxford, was—alas!—not. "The Gondoliers" are—is—whatever the correct number may be—splendid. And whatever doubts there may be as to the correct number in which one should refer to

it—I mean, them—well, you know what I mean, anyway—there can be none, none at all, No Possible Doubt Whatever as to the right tense of the verb to apply to its or their (as the case may be) splendour, because the piece was, is, and will be splendid. Time makes no difference to it. And so say all of us.



A BRITISH OPERA-SINGER IN FRANCE: MISS MILLICENT MIDZA.

Miss Midza, who is a member of a well-known South African family, spent several years studying under the leading masters of England and the Continent, and made her début in France last year, as a dramatic soprano. Since then she has appeared very successfully as prima-donna at Lyons, Bordeaux, Nantes, Brest, and other places, including, this year, Trouville, Ostend, and Spa, and at Deauville, where she was the only British singer in the operatic company.



## WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK: PICTURES OF HAPPY PAIRS.



AT ALL SAINTS', ENNISMORE GARDENS:  
MR. W. A. ANSON AND HIS BRIDE.



THE ANSON—HELME WEDDING: A GROUP OF THE  
BRIDESMAIDS.



OUTSIDE THE ORATORY: BRIDESMAIDS AT THE LENTAIGNE—HASLAM  
WEDDING.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: MR. AND MRS.  
J. I. N. LENTAIGNE.



AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: MR. CHARLES  
SMITH-RYLAND AND HIS BRIDE.



BRIDESMAIDS AT THE SMITH-RYLAND—TOLLEMACHE WEDDING:  
A GROUP.

Mr. W. A. Anson, 18th Hussars, third son of the Hon. Francis Anson and Mrs. Anson, was married to Miss Dorothy Helme, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mashiter. The bridesmaids were Miss Frances Anson, Miss Nest Pryse-Rice, Miss Diana Baldwin, and Miss Mildred Egerton, and the pages, Master Benjamin Astley and Master Lucas Burton.—Mr. Joseph I. N. Lentaigne, third son of the late Sir John Lentaigne, was married to Miss Helen Evelyn Vida Haslam, elder daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Haslam. The five bridesmaids were Miss Lillian Haslam, Miss Lentaigne, Miss May Dixon, Miss Clara Murphy, and Miss Dorothy Norrie, and the train-bearer, Miss Pamela Bunbury.—Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, Coldstream Guards, married Miss Leila Tollemache, daughter of the Hon. M. G. Tollemache. The bride had five bridesmaids: the Hon. Dorothy Tollemache, Miss Smith-Ryland, Miss Angela Tollemache, Miss K. Smith-Ryland, and Miss Vere Vivian Smith.

Photographs by I.P.A., and Langier.





WHY do not all of us write things about ourselves this journey instead of panegyricising and pæanising and generally celebrating the virtue, beauty, wit, charm, liveliness, up-to-date quality, verve, and other accomplishments of everyone else. Because we Really Do deserve it, don't we? The N.U.R. may have thought that they could Cramp our style the other week; but Peeping Thomas knows what a poor job they made of it. It was not merely Lady Popsy Lollipop milking, in the deathless words of Billy Merson, the cows from the Maypole Dairy somewhere in the neighbourhood of Stanhope Gate, Hyde Park, W.1. It was not only Lady Mond, *cantinière* (if that is the correct Gaulish for a *vivandière* behind a trestle-table). It was something more than the thunder of the morning milk-cans affrighting the burghers of Bayswater even unto the confines of Paddington and the Bayswaters beyond the seas. It was All of Us On the Job. And there were several, weren't there? Not wholly unaccompanied by their due and merited meed of publicity. One stumbled out of a blinkered basement in the Office of Works, where one had sworn solemnly to confer a personal obligation on the King by wearing a striped armlet and putting a truncheon up the right leg of one's trousers, and one fell over the outstretched view-finder of a Press photographer. One bobbed round corners in the more unpublishable and equestrian portions of Paddington, W.2., and found trim young ladies writing up the activities of the Best People in their natty little note-books. And finally—as what the late O. Cromwell called the Crowning Mercy—one encountered among the assorted crow-bars and clinker of the Lot's Road Power Station (named after the husband of the lady who turned round to stare at a very similar-looking place called Gomorrah, you know), one, I repeat, encountered, capped, belted, and blue, a Presence before which even Phrynette and Chicot grow pale, and weaker vessels can only inquire (without prejudice), "Why, oh why?"

If you find fish-scales on the dado of what was once a perfectly good Gent's Autumn Suiting, that is, because the wearer was crate-



WHY; OH, WHY?

Photograph by Alfieri.

pushing at Marylebone, where the little fishes from Grimsby all alight—an occupation, to judge from two bright young men recently encountered, that has a startlingly enlarging influence on the vocabulary. And then there was Sir Frederick Banbury, who, finding that the Recess left him with no motions to talk out in the House of Commons, appeared in the horse-boxes at King's Cross and was kind enough to let the papers know all about it. Why did Lady C—n—d (one should always suppress the vowels of our more retiring compatriots) fail to discover in the general confusion any real

opportunity for Striking a New Note? And why was there no air male driven by Lady Drogheda?

And why—this is Serious—did the Young Things in the emergency canteens assume once more their war-worn V.A.D. magnificences? Was it so that they would be permitted by the rules of their trade union to render services in the nature of first-aid to hard-working

gentlemen sufferers from their well-meant but not particularly Moka cups of coffee? Because it was rather a drastic beverage at times, and had Things floating about in it. But hot, my friends, and what more did you want?

Where are the autumn picture-shows? But they hardly seem to matter, now that the Incomparable Max has forsworn the pencil in favour of the pen, which he is wielding in memory of his brother, the genuinely lamented Sir Herbert. They were always the only shows worth going to, those little gatherings in the south-east corner of Leicester Square, where you stood and watched the originals of his masterpieces unfolding their mouths and drooping their ears in a despairing effort to look really like the caricatures of themselves that confronted them from the Subfusc (to employ an academic term for Brown) and Philippic walls.

What for (this is a new word for "why") did the Giddy Young affright the waiters at the Savoy the other evening by sporting that distressing variety of the Victorian *coiffure* that used to be known to loyal supporters of the monarchy as the Alexandra Curl? It was—surely you all remember it—our Only Delight in the Sixties. But in Wicked Nineteen—and at dinner—and on a Sunday night—oh, no. Not at all.

The Bottle, if one may say so, was the initial cause of the troubles of Miss Fannie Ward (quite without offence—it all happened on the film in the London Pavilion on an off afternoon—afgar from the madding crowd, as you may say). One of those movie drunkards with a rolling eye and an access to supplies of reasonably intoxicating whisky, which earned him the undying envy of a large but thirsty audience, brought her up in China, where the stunt furniture comes from. To Her enter Hini: her first name was Innocent—which was asking for trouble, wasn't it? He was her guardian, an appointment in the best tradition of American stage-land, and Results followed. He was—ha, ha!—a Gambler by Temperament, and he brought his little ward to His Great House in Paris.

To Them enter the villain, named Doucet, but conducting, by a remarkable paradox, a gambling-house instead of a dress-making establishment. Complications. Abductions. What the giddy librettist calls "the blandishments of the polished gambler." The hero endeavours to win a great deal of money off the villain, but upon failing to do so he proceeds to shoot him, which gave rise to serious doubts in the minds of the weaker moralists in the audience as to which of the two was really the villain. Horror. Flight. China. More local colour. They went in the Old-World Garden once more. And that was beautifully and conclusively that. Isn't it jolly how in these dingy days, when fiction and drama are coming more and more to take their tone from life, the movie has stepped into the shoes of the novelette and the penny gaff?



WHY; OH, WHY?

Photograph by Alfieri.



## THE YOUNGER GENERATION: A GROUP OF SOCIETY GIRLS.



LORD GISBOROUGH'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER:  
THE HON. BETTY CHALONER.



A SCOTTISH DÉBUTANTE: MISS  
DOROTHY JARDINE.



A K.C.S.I.'S DAUGHTER: MISS  
DOROTHEA MORISON.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR:  
MISS CECILY D'EYNCOURT.



ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES H. MOORE:  
MISS ENID DURRANT.



THE DAUGHTER OF AN M.P.:  
MISS LETTICE BURDON.



DAUGHTER OF LORD SOUTHAMPTON:  
THE HON. SIBELL FITZROY.



DAUGHTER OF LORD GISBOROUGH:  
THE HON. CYNTHIA CHALONER.



A MAID-OF-HONOUR: THE HON.  
KATHERINE VILLIERS.

The Hon. Betty and the Hon. Cynthia Chaloner are Lord Gisborough's youngest and second daughters.—Miss Dorothy Jardine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jardine of Jardine.—Miss Dorothea Morison is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Theodore Morison, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.—Miss Cecily d'Eyncourt is the daughter of Sir Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt, K.C.B.—Miss Enid Durrant, who is engaged to Mr. Charles

Hazledine Moore, is the daughter of the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Durrant.—Miss Lettice Burdon is the daughter of Colonel Rowland Burdon.—The Hon. Sibell Fitzroy is the second daughter of Lord Southampton.—The Hon. Katherine Villiers is the daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. George Villiers. She was appointed Maid-of-Honour to Queen Mary in 1911.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Swaine, and Lafayette.]



## SUBURBIA : SEEN BY H. M. BATEMAN.—No. VIII.





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**BAS BLEU!**

FROM THE PAINTING BY LÉO FONTAN.

(Original in the Possession of the Reschal Galleries, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)



# "MUSTARD AND CARESS": THE LEADER



A DECORATIVE DELEGATE: Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA

"Afgar" is even more topical to-day than on its first night, for, to misquote Swinburne, "All things breathe or sound of strike—that yet make up its spell." Mlle. Alice Delysia, who plays the part of Zaydee, favourite wife of Afgar, is the Strike Leader of the Harem Ladies' Union, and voices the cry of "One wife, one husband." In proper strike fashion she addresses a meeting of discontented women in the courtyard



# ER OF THE HAREM LADIES' UNION.



A IN "AFGAR," AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

of her husband's palace. She naturally calls in the aid of wonderful Oriental dresses (two of which are shown in our photographs) for the part, in which she excels herself. One of the best lines in the book is the charming description of Zaydee, who remarks that she is what George R. Sims might call "Mustard and Caress!"—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



# THE FINISHING TOUCH



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## EXCITING INTEREST: A CANVAS NOW ON VIEW.



A NEW LADY. LAVERY—BY MR. OSWALD BIRLEY.

Lady Lavery, the beautiful wife of Sir John Lavery, A.R.A., has frequently been painted by her husband. Her latest portrait, however, which is now on view at the Agnew Gallery, is by Mr. Oswald Birley, and is a fine example of modern painting.

*Photograph by Paul Laib.*



# IN MANY MODELS: HEBE



ROWAN-RED, BIRCH-YELLOW, AND GOLDEN-BROWN:  
THE FIRES OF "AUTUMN."



"CONSOLATION": A SYMPHONY OF GREY, COPPER-RED,  
AND ALUMINIUM.



EXPRESSED IN BLACK CRÊPE-DE-CHINE: "TRANSIENT  
SORROW."



"A PERSIAN GARDEN": SILVER TISSUE, YELLOW PLUMES,  
AND JADE-GREEN JEWELS.

The design of a dress is not all the battle in Fashion's lists, for we all know that the manner of the wearing of a gown creates half its magic. Our photographs, therefore, of "Hebe," one of the famous mannequins in the dressmaking world, posed in some of the newest dresses designed by Captain Molyneux, M.C., who has now opened a dressmaking establishment in Paris, should be of practical help to our feminine readers, as well as of decorative interest to both sexes! All the models are named, and each one conjures up a vision of some sort as it appears. "Autumn," with its flame colour, vivid yellow and brown shades, calls up the thought of October in Scotland, when the rowan-trees are



# THE FAMOUS MANNEQUIN.



SHADOWS OF THE EAST: AN ORIENTAL DREAM.



FUCHSIA-RED AND PURPLE, JADE-GREEN AND SILVER: "ISTAR-SAHAR."



BEAUTY ADORNED: IN PEARLS AND PARADISE PLUMES.



ALL BLACK VELVET: "LA VEUVE JOYEUSE."

turned to flame-red, the birches to gold, and the pale sunshine catches the peat-brown streams and rests on the rust-red heather. "Consolation" symbolises half-forgotten sorrow with its grey draperies and deep-toned copper hues. "Istar Sahar" is the glamour of the East, and beneath its monkey-trimmed chiffon, coat shows a riot of purple, green, and silver. The coat is embroidered with a large spreading Chinese tree in blue. The "Persian Garden" is another Oriental vision of silver tissue worn with a yellow feather head-dress; while "Transient Sorrow" and "La Veuve Joyeuse" are two all-black models which achieve supreme elegance by beauty of line.—[Dresses by Molyneux, Rue Royale, Paris. Photographs by Wyndham.]



## BY THE WATERS OF WIESBADEN.

THE days are hot, and times there are when I wish that Germany had won the war and that I were a bullet-headed Prussian Officer quartered in Henley, with a Mess at the Phyllis Court Club, and a billet in a riverside house, with a tennis-court, a rose-arbour, a canoe and someone pretty. . . . But why make a catalogue? Everyone knows the essentials of a really nice billet.

Instead of this dream of fairyland, I find myself living just now in a large roomful of German furniture and golding, and religious pictures of saintly personages expiring in impossible attitudes; and at night I endure the voluptuous heat of my soft, deep, German bed, until suffocation overcomes me, when I arise and drag a couch out on to the little balcony overlooking the factory—all the best people here own factories, and they all live in front or behind their factories, as if they're afraid they'd run away—and slumber peacefully under a sheet and the stars until the first inexorable bangs of a steam hammer wake me punctually at six. The other machinery begins to clang a little later, and then the big hammer gets well into its stride; and then I arise and go to my breakfast of bacon-and-eggs and tomatoes, or canteen sausages and fried bread. Can you blame me for longing for what is not, were—or is it was? Truly if it were not for the fact that I frequently rest my head elsewhere than in my billet, I should get married and go and live in the Marricer Hotel in Cologne, where the married people live, and come into work every day on the 7.40 express, and leave on the 1.12.

Of course, Germany is a fine place. I have said so before. We have a good time, and I must be developing a liver to grumble. Only at odd moments one is apt to be slightly overpowered by Germany, as one is by suet-pudding and syrup with the temperature at 96 in the shade, as one is at the end of a day-long Rhine trip. It is as if she were continually shouting in one's ear: "Look how big and solid and pudgy I am. No delicacy about me, no mysteriousness, no fantasies. Admire me. I haven't any hidden corner that you can feel and sense and want to look round. It's all here to hand—scenery, statues, right in front of your eye, and there are trains and trams to all my show spots." That's what's the matter with me. I've been taking Germany in too large doses. Besides—I've been to Wiesbaden for the last six days, and that's too long. One should never spend more than a week-end there. The first two days were rather wonderful, the other four mere repetitions. I had found Wiesbaden out. She had nothing left for me, because she had nothing to tell me, nothing to suggest, and nothing to hide. Monotonous, like the face of a German woman. But one *does* get superb dinners there.

The Kurhaus concerts were not distinguished; the monumental buildings were too heavy for this hot weather; the statues did more towards making me a convert to Watteauesque effects than anything I have ever seen; the gardens were beautiful as picture postcards. The season, already commenced according to the calendar, does not seem to have attracted anyone but the farmer and the heavily-heeled, probably because it's still a bit too sultry to attract, and the

Kochbrunner is almost empty of the gouty and rheumatic. The woods of the Nersberg, silent and majestic, seemed to me more ornamental than the town and more beautiful. They were empty. At the hotel up there they gave me hot soup and boar's-flesh for lunch.

After that I stayed down in the town and went to ground in the tennis-courts and the Kurhaus Gardens; also the Metropole, where the French officers dance with other people's wives and sisters, like sensible men, and the world, the half-world, and the no-world—at-all mingle in a philosophical Saturnalia. Not quite—I know, *mais que voulez-vous?* One must dance, and the only other place worth mentioning is the Moulin Rouge—which is more Rouge than our old friend the Paris one—and, of course, oh, quite, quite out of the question, my dear. Besides, the Moulin Rouge is buried as deep as Rector's, and is much more difficult to find. In addition, there is the Crystal Palace, but very few people go there except the Americans.

I like the way the French manage things in their zone. Their influence stands out nowhere so well as in the regulation of prices. In Cologne the Boche prices swell and swell and no one puts his foot down. But in Wiesbaden the French have collared the Palast and turned it into an Inter-Allied Officers' Mess, albeit it is chiefly

occupied by our Ally and his very debonair ladies of the Croix Rouge. A double room with a private bath costs sixteen marks precisely. If one aspires only to a single room, the charge drops to a mere five marks. But most people prefer the double room. The bath is so convenient.

It is, however, impossible to feed at the Palast. The French may understand cooking, and certainly they can give points to our smelly old N.H.C. 3, hotel cum club cum Y.M.C.A. eating-house, with its alternating sweets: rice mould and *ballon confiture* ("stale doughnut" in the vernacular); but their menus have an odd way of ending abruptly just as one is settling down to tackle the solid course

which does not materialise. At the Nassau, overlooking the picture-postcard gardens, one eats—they do a man well—and at the Rose, though at the Rose a holy hush reigns and there is a high risk of encountering old Colonels and Generals of one's own Army dining or lunching *en famille*, than which nothing is more shaking to the moral.

Just try to imagine living on the best at the Ritz, say, for 250 marks a week, and with the mark down to 106 to the pound, too! Yes, it's worth while for a few days, if only for the brutal pleasures

of the table. As an American Y.M.C.A. maiden said in the train coming back: "It's the cutest place for a lil' while; and ain't it just chock full o' eats?" It is. There's only one other country in Europe to touch Germany for a plenitude of "eats," and that's our friend who also calls out "wolf" so loudly, little Belgium.

I admit this is a long-winded way of explaining why I wish Germany had won the war and that I were a bullet-headed Prussian. But still, you understand my mood? C. PATRICK THOMPSON.



SPORT WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN GERMANY:  
A STEEPLECHASE AT COLOGNE.



SPORT WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN GERMANY: IN THE PADDOCK.



## OF BRITAIN, U.S.A., AND INDIA: WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.



WIFE OF COL. G. A. GIBBS, M.P.; DAUGHTER OF MR. WALTER LONG: MRS. GEORGE GIBBS.



WIFE OF THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN: MRS JOHN DAVIS.



WIFE OF THE RETURNED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT ARCHANGEL: LADY IRONSIDE.



STEP-DAUGHTER OF THE MAHARANEE OF KAPURTHALA: PRINCESS AMUT KAM OF KAPURTHALA.

Mrs. George Gibbs is the elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, P.C., M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty. Her mother, Lady Blanche Long, is a daughter of the ninth Earl of Cork and Orrery.—Mrs. John Davis, the wife of the American Ambassador, presides over the social side of her husband's activities, and is, like him, very popular.—Lady Ironside,

whose husband, General Sir Edmund Ironside, commanded at Archangel and recently returned, was married to him in 1915. She was Miss Mariot Ysobel Cheyne, and is a daughter of Mr. Charles Cheyne. General Ironside was made a K.C.B. by the King a few days ago at Buckingham Palace.—Princess Amut Kam is a step-daughter of the Maharanee of Kapurthala.

Photographs by Lafayette, Stanley, and Vandyk.



# PHYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON.



## THAT MYSTERIOUS ATTRACTION—A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phynette and London" and "Phynette Married.")

MR. WILLIAM PIMPLETON, of Acacia Villas, Bumbleton, was a worthy man. At least you in England charitably assume that a man is innocent until he has been proved guilty; and who could prove Mr. William Pimpleton unworthy?—neither you nor me. The delicate task was left entirely to his wife, whom he called "the wife" (not meaning, let us hope, the best one among numerous other wives!).

Until now Mrs. W. Pimpleton, though she never had soared up to the seventh heaven of conjugal felicity, had never had one moment's uneasiness as to her husband's virtue. But with your *flair*, experienced readers, you may have observed, with a sense of inevitable disaster, that I have been using all along the *past tense*! For, alas! Mrs. Pimpleton's hearthly paradise in her Bumbleton villa is now being invaded by the viper of jealousy. It began two days after the railway strike. Thrice fateful times! While William was shaving in the bath-room, "the wife" was brushing his tweeds in the hall, when suddenly she found a crumpled little note in—no, when suddenly a crumpled little note fell from his coat-pocket (it sounds much nicer like that!). I need not say she picked it up, neither need I add that she read it. Ah, woe to the wife who reads her husband's letters! And woe to the husband, too! The note said, or rather scrawled:

"Oh you dearest, nicest, kindest of men" ("He must have spent an awful lot," almost sobbed, "the wife") "was not it heavenly last night? All the other girls in the office envy me! They all want to be introduced to you, but I shan't—I want to keep you all to myself! Can you meet me again this evening, same place, same time? I'll wait on the chance. I don't mind how long I wait for you! Till this evening, then.—THE GIRL IN THE TAM.

"P.S.—I'll wear it again this evening since you like it so much."

Hardly had "the wife" finished that outrageous note than there was a ring at the door. She opened, still trembling with indignation, and was confronted with the flapper across the way,

who is a mannequin at Ruffles and Co., in Albemarle Street. "Oh, good morning, Mrs. Pimpleton. I hope I am not disturbing you at such an unearthly hour, but you see I have to start for Town early with all these strikes, and I thought before going that I'd bring some of that shortbread Mr. Pimpleton liked so much last Sunday at tea. We got a fresh lot from Scotland." With an anxious look around: "He has *not* gone yet, has he? How is he? Quite well? He goes to Town every day just as usual, doesn't he?"

Mrs. Pimpleton gave the flapper a searching glance which first tried to read her soul, and last assured itself that she was not wearing a "tam."

"My husband is well, thank you," with a marked emphasis on "my husband." (Lying superbly): "He has gone to the City. I'll tell him you called."

"Oh, er, thank you, perhaps he would not mind coming across for a few minutes this evening. I—er—that is to say—my brother would like to show him his new fishing-fly. I am sure Mr. Pimpleton would be interested—brother fishermen, you know! Well, I must run away, Mrs. Pimpleton. How are you, by the way?—I forgot to ask you."

At breakfast, while her husband was sipping his coffee-au-tinned milk, "the wife" was devouring him with suspicious and wondering eyes.

She noticed, with a pang, that William was attired with more care than usual. He wore his newest and most hideous tie, a silk handkerchief was protruding from his cuff, his socks (oh, wonder!) matched his shoes, and he certainly had, judging by the result, emptied the bottle of brillantine on his pale hair and pink scalp. He was distraught, and his insignificant little face wore an exasperating look of self-complacency.

The telephone rang. Both he and she sprang up at the same time, and with an expression of steely determination uncalled for by a mere telephone ring, "I'll answer!" they both said.

"Oh, just as you like!" he answered, with a vicious grin, but as he said this he seized the receiver, which was nearer to him. She stood by him pale and shaking; anger made the blood boil in her ears, which did not prevent her from hearing a feminine voice squeaking through the 'phone. She could not catch what the voice said, but the expression on her husband's face was enough, she thought, to justify murder—a mixture of fatuousness, guilt, and apprehension.

"Yes, it is I," he was saying. "Oh, I am so sorry, I would have been so delighted; but I'm afraid it is impossible—Yes, Thursday, perhaps, I'll try to fix it up—Not at all, a pleasure you know; oh, very sweet of you; yes, soon, good-bye"—he hung up sheepishly.

"Well?" challenged his wife. "Who was it?"

"Oh"—with a maladroitness attempt at story-telling—"it was the sweep!" And seizing his hat and the *Daily Mail*, he rushed out of the house into the shed at the end of the garden where he kept his motor-bicycle.

Poor Mrs. William Pimpleton, it is rather hard lines, you know; she had been deprived of an Apollo all those years, hugging to herself the uncertain compensation of a supposed safety, and now at the eleventh year of married life her plain but pure William was developing into a Don Juan! For Mr. Pimpleton had a side-car!



GRANDDAUGHTER OF SIR EDWARD WARD: MISS PAMELA WARD.

Miss Pamela Ward is the daughter of Captain Edward Simons Ward, Grenadier Guards, and the granddaughter of Colonel Sir Edward Ward, who is, of course, Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Special Constables, who were at work again during the strike.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.



AN ANGLO-FRENCH WEDDING AT GORING-ON-THAMES: MISS BARBARA STIRLING AND LIEUTENANT VICTOR CHATENAY.

Lieutenant Victor Chatenay is the younger son of the late M. Louis Chatenay and Mme. Chatenay, of Doué la Fontaine, France. He served in the French Army throughout the war; was severely wounded in 1915 on the Vimy Ridge; and wears the Croix de Guerre. His bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stirling, of Goring-on-Thames. She served in Serbia and France, and with the French Army of Occupation in Germany; and has been decorated three times.



## IRISH SOCIETY—SNAPPED IN THE AUTUMN SUNSHINE.



*Personalities: Lord Waterford and Other  
Interesting People.*

Our photograph, which was taken recently in Ireland, shows, from left to right, the young Marquess of Waterford, now in his nineteenth year, with his second sister, Lady Katherine de la Poer Beresford; Mrs. van Cutsem,

the daughter of Sir John and Lady Arnott, and twin-sister of Lady de Freyne; and Lord Bellew, the fourth Baron, who is a Major in the 10th Hussars.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]



## AN ECHO FROM ARCHANGEL!



"Well, what have they sent this time?"

"Good Lord! Why, it's the ice-machine we indented for in Mesopotamia!"

DRAWN BY FRANK NEWBOULD.



MAPPIN & WEBB  
*Ltd.*

*Tortoiseshell  
Toilet Service  
inlaid solid Gold*

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## SILK AND SCARLET.

THE Cesarewitch will be run upon the day that these notes are dated; but as it is always necessary to write them some time ahead, and as we live in a state of uncertainty, the disadvantage under which one labours is doubtless obvious. Before we go any further, however, I think most racing people are of one mind where the recent criticism of the unfortunate action of the Stewards of the Jockey Club is concerned. It was carried too far. The Stewards made a mistake, as lots of other people do; they regretted it; they corrected it. Let that suffice. The Stewards of the Jockey Club are honourable gentlemen who have their country's interests very close to their hearts, and they are not deserving of all the hard things that have been said of them. No one denies that it was an error to try to race when the strike was on, and that holding the first day of the Newmarket Meeting operated very unfairly where the "provincial" owner was concerned; but having said that, why not leave it at that and cease this "pin-pricking"? I heard last week that the Stewards contemplated placing themselves entirely in the hands of the Board of Trade whether any meetings should be sanctioned before the end of this month, for it was said that they took the view that the congestion of goods traffic must necessarily be great, and that under such circumstances they had no desire to give any incentive to the running of pleasure trains. This hardly looks as if the Stewards of the Jockey Club were a body of callous, careless individuals who did not concern themselves with the welfare of the State, and were bent upon putting the interests of racing in front of the public needs. There are far too many people who are fond of Donnybrook methods and of hitting a head wherever they see it!

In my own private opinion, the Stewards would have been quite justified in putting back the Newmarket Second October a week or even a fortnight, "off their own bat," under present circumstances, for although we are rid of the strike—for the moment—everything is disorganised, and it might easily happen that some stables situated at centres distant from Newmarket, would find no small difficulty in getting their horses on the lines. One heard that some strings contemplated marching their horses to Headquarters in the good old-fashioned way; but times have changed somewhat since the days of our grandfathers, when the old coaching and hunting inn had a range of excellent loose-boxes. Very few owners, I expect, would care about running the risk of a bad stable, even if "only for one night" (as the butler at Sir Moses Mainchance's put it to Fine Billy in "Ask Mamma") under present conditions. I do not think many of us realise how much leeway has to be made up, and what is the exact amount of work which will be and has been thrown upon the Traffic Staffs of our railways. I think one only begins to realise it after talking to a Traffic Manager, who has worked all through the strike, and is now being driven nearly demented trying to rearrange things after the strike. As he said to me, "One gets none of the ha'pence, but more than half the kicks, and no one ever says a good word for us." That is why I want you to say this good word for a very sorely tried body of officials, without whose aid in the recent strenuous period we should have been in a very bad way indeed.

However willing the amateur—and we all know how well he did his bit—he could not have done so well if he had not had these devoted professionals, who stuck to their guns, behind him.

Last week people in one's club were laying odds against the Cesarewitch being run, and there were not a few of the ante-post speculators who hoped that it would not! Seeing, however, that it is to be, I do not think we can do better than pick the best public performers to be there or thereabouts. Now I have always held, in face of "great argument about it and about," that Haki is one of the most consistent long-distance performers of the season, and the problem of this race is, to my mind, built upon him. Haki is in at 9st. 2lb., Golden Melody at 6st. 3lb.; that is to say, three stone all but a pound. It is a big concession. When Haki beat Golden Melody a neck in the Goodwood Plate, which is one furlong farther than the Cesarewitch, the weights were 9st. 0lb. and 6st. 11lb. respectively—that is to say, that it works out like this:



LORD LONSDALE.

Haki	-	-	-	2 miles 3 furs.	-	9	0
Golden Melody	-	-	-	2 miles 3 furs.	-	6	11
difference 2st. 3lb.							
Haki	-	-	-	2 miles 2 furs.	-	9	2
Golden Melody	-	-	-	2 miles 2 furs.	-	6	3
difference 2st. 13lb.							

On this it looks almost any odds upon Golden Melody being in front of Haki, for there is 10lb. for a neck beating! What handicapper on earth would penalise a horse 10lb. for a neck beating, even if he had won hard held? I have known cases in which I have thought that 5lb. was more than enough for

such a victory. But in this instance we are not talking about anything of that sort. The Goodwood Plate was run clean out. Haki had to go for his life to win by a neck. He may be a better stayer than his runner-up, but that is no use to us. If he is a better stayer, he is at a disadvantage over a furlong less. On this form there is no doubt. But even if we were in doubt, Golden Melody's recent victory over a good stayer like Ivanhoe is a useful endorsement. We are told that Cottrill knows that Gay Lord is better than Ivanhoe at even weights. In the Cesarewitch the weights are:—

Ivanhoe	-	-	-	7	12
Gay Lord	-	-	-	7	0
Golden Melody	-	-	-	6	3

That is to say that in the Cesarewitch, Golden Melody has got to be able to beat Ivanhoe at 9lb. more weight than he (Golden Melody) carries. It sounds a bit complicated, but it isn't, if we bear in mind that we have got to take it that Ivanhoe and Gay Lord are virtually the same horse at 7st. 12lb. Now at two miles at Gatwick, in the Stayers' Handicap (2 miles), the weights were:—

Golden Melody	-	-	-	7	4
Ivanhoe	-	-	-	9	0
} difference 1st. 10lb.					

In the Cesarewitch it is 1st. 9lb. At Gatwick, Golden Melody won two lengths comfortably, and even if Ivanhoe had had an easy passage, which he had not, he would not have won. Therefore, if we take two lengths easy to mean even a five pounds beating, and we take Ivanhoe and Gay Lord to be the same horses at 7st. 12lb. in the Cesarewitch—what do you make of it? [Continued on page 1.]



LORD PENRYHN.



LORD DURHAM.

### CRITICISED FOR PERMITTING RACING DURING THE STRIKE: STEWARDS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.—[Photographs by Russell and Lafayette.]





## “Well, just one——”

“One cigarette—somewhere where everybody won’t see us—but mind it’s a Kenilworth.”

“Cheers—I’m longing to see you and a Kenilworth together—the two nicest things on earth.”

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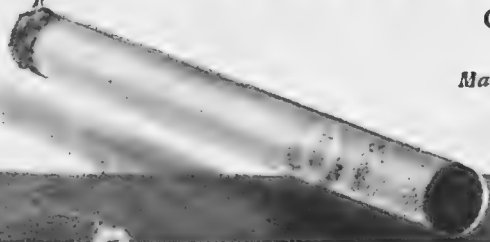
in excellence of packing, that famous Kenilworth packing which is a fine art, above all in quality, Kenilworths are still as they always were, the best possible in Virginia Cigarettes.

*Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain—at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/4 for 20, 3/3 for 50, 6/6 for 100*

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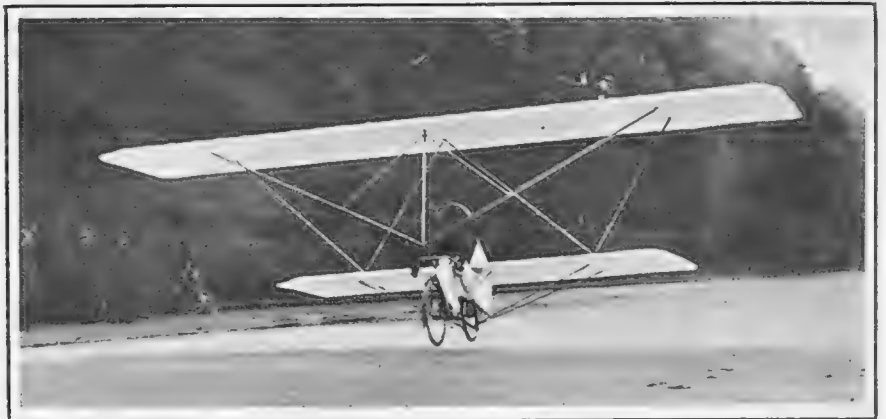
## SOME QUAIN'T POINTS ABOUT THE AERIAL MAIL SERVICE. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

TRULY the ways of Government Departments are past all understanding. As was indicated in these notes last week, the Government and the Aircraft Industry between them had the finest opportunity ever offered of making a huge success of aerial mails-carrying. Certainly the Aircraft Industry did its part nobly, but the Government side of the proposition really seems to have been too farcical for words. In spite of the advice of the aircraft people to the contrary, the Post-Office began by putting the price of aerial postage at two shillings per ounce, and concurrently proceeded to hire compulsorily—or in other words "commandeer"—practically every civil aeroplane in the country. Of course, hardly anybody thought for a moment of sending letters by air post at two shillings an ounce, and the natural result was, that, in spite of all the free advertising that the aerial post got from the Press, the total number of letters sent on the first day after this absurd arrangement was made was 315—that is to say, not quite 20 lb. weight of letters. As against this, the cargo capacity of the aeroplanes commandeered for the purpose in the London district is stated to have been 4750 lb., which means capacity for 76,000 letters at an ounce apiece.

### A Profiteering Aspect of the Matter.

Naturally, the commandeering of the commercial aeroplanes stopped the cross-country passenger flying which quite a number of business people in a hurry found to be very valuable during the early days of the strike. But there is another aspect of the question which puts rather a different complexion on the matter. Consider for a moment that the ordinary single-engined passenger machine of to-day will carry 700 lb. of dead load quite comfortably, and that the big machines will carry 1500 lb. or more. Now 700 lb. means 11,200 oz., which at 2s. per oz., the Government rate, means £1120 in postage on one ordinary single-engined passenger machine—provided always, of course, that the machine had its full load of mails. Against this one is told that the Government price for hiring an ordinary single-engined passenger machine for the trip from London to Manchester or thereabouts was £100; so that on this showing, if the Government ever got the full load for a machine, it would make £1020 on the trip. From this would have to be deducted the cost of sending a motor-van out to the aerodrome with the aerial

object was to stop passenger flying during the strike. This may have been with the laudable object of preventing joy-riding when petrol was badly needed for matters of urgent importance; or it may have been with deeper political intent. For example, Italy, one hears, has entirely stopped all civilian flying—even the civilian air mails to Sardinia—because it wants to stop any possibilities of communication by air with that gentleman who is known, according to one's taste, either as the "Poet Patriot" or the "Rebel Versifier," Major Gabriele d'Annunzio. Perhaps, in a similar way, the Government is afraid that the Bolshevik section of the Trade Union leaders



A TRIAL THAT ENDED IN A SUMMONS: POULAIN ATTEMPTING TO FLY FOR TEN METRES ON AN ENGINELESS BICYCLE-AEROPLANE.

Poulain, the French champion cyclist, endeavoured, the other day, to win the 10,000-franc Peugeot prize by making the first ten-metre flight on an engineless bicycle-aeroplane. He succeeded—in getting summoned for riding in a Paris public park without a permit!

Photograph by Photopress.

may prevail upon some of our civilian aviators to transport them about the country in the course of their nefarious agitations. From what one knows of the civilian aviators, practically all of whom are ex-R.A.F. officers, they would be very much more likely, if they found a Labour agitator had booked a passage with them, to turn their machines upside down as soon as they were clear of the aerodrome and decant the said agitator on to the surrounding country. Therefore, this can scarcely be the reason for the Government having stopped passenger flying.

### The Petrol-Conservation Theory.

Conservation of petrol can hardly be a reason either, because one is told that the Government was seriously considering establishing an aeroplane mail service for official letters by means of "Bristol Fighters" across the Irish Channel. It so happens that the ordinary Irish mail-boats are running perfectly regularly, and do the journey from Holyhead to Kingstown in about three hours. The aeroplanes would cross the Channel at very considerable risk, because they are land machines and not seaplanes, as they ought to be. They would take, perhaps, three-quarters of an hour to go from Holyhead to the official landing-ground, which is ten or twelve miles on the wrong side of Dublin, and then the mails must take the better part of an hour to get into Dublin from the landing-ground. Consequently, the net saving on the aeroplane service between Holyhead and Dublin is, perhaps, about an hour; the expenditure of petrol on the said service and the risk to the crews of the aeroplanes is very great; and so the whole thing seems to be utterly unnecessary, though there might be some excuse for running a seaplane service from Holyhead right into Dublin.

### Not a Cause of Congratulation.

And then, after having commandeered the civilian aeroplanes for three days, and having disorganised the plans of the various companies for carrying passengers, the Post Office has cancelled the sending of mails by civilian aeroplanes. It is thought better to use R.A.F. machines. On the whole, therefore, one cannot congratulate either the Air Ministry or the Post Office on its first attempt to foster commercial aeronautics by means of aerial postal services.



ANOTHER GIANT OF THE AIR: THE BLÉRIOT AERO-BUS.

Photograph by Kol.

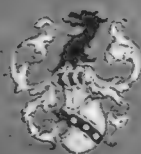
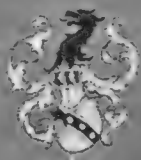
mail, and of another van fetching the mail from the aerodrome at the other end of the journey. For this, at a liberal estimate, one might knock off the other £20, and thus the Government would make a clear £1000 profit on an outlay of £120, or a matter of something like 850 per cent. profit. And this same Government is setting up tribunals to inquire into cases of profiteering!

### What was the Reason?

Of course, as one remarked at the beginning of these notes, the price of two shillings per ounce utterly defeated its own object, if that object was to profiteer on the aerial mails. Perhaps, after all, the real



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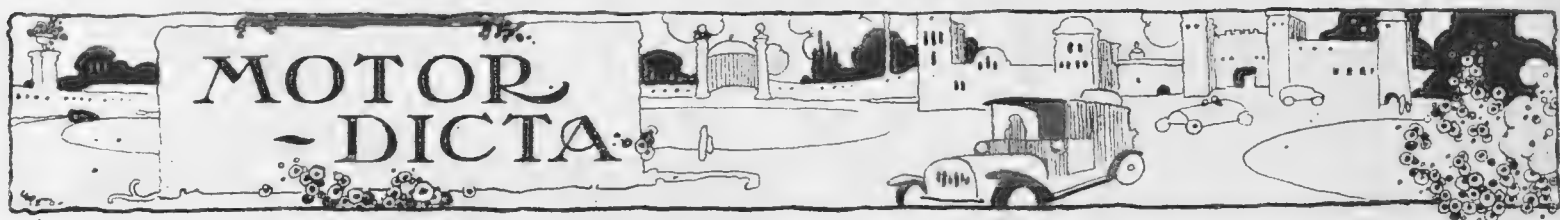
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## THE MOTOR AS STRIKE-BREAKER: OLYMPIA. By GERALD BISS.

IF it were not for the frightful seriousness of things at the back of it, in these automobilious days a railway strike would frankly be rather fun, with its adventurous atmosphere of topsy-turvydom, every man finding holiday, mental or physical, in doing some other man's work—a picnic without the inherent banality of such outdoor orgies. No man is better suited both by mentality and practice to such a state of things than the practical automobilist, be he an amateur or a lorry-driver; and at such a crisis he is far more in his element than the railway gent at leisure, twiddling his thumbs and twaddling subversively at street-corners, trying to work up either enthusiasm or indignation upon Government ale or local very small beer, and fearing to seek the sanctity of his home for fear of wifely upbraidings. During the strike the only miserable folk I saw were self-conscious strikers who did not want to strike at the command of General Thomas. I am very fond of the decent working man; but, frankly, enforced leisure does not suit him either intellectually or socially. He has so little to fall back upon—leave it at that—and either becomes passively miserable or actively nasty according, not to programme, but to temperament.

**The "Idle Rich"** On the other hand, the as **Engine-Drivers.** "idle rich"

—if such exist outside the unhallowed circle of our war profiteers in these super-super-taxed days—wallow in the opportunity of handling milk-churns, carting coal, driving trains, and, if necessary, even driving cars. Lord Montagu deserts his Rolls-Royce for his first post-Oxford love, the little old railway engine, and drives the Bournemouth Express; while Captain "Fred-die" Guest hangs up his whip at Westminster and takes charge of my own main line train; and so on all through. I personally had a pleasant experience interviewing post-masters on behalf of the "A.A.'s" big mail scheme in conjunction with the G.P.O. The King had a most sporting drive all the way from Balmoral hot-tyre to Buckhouse—much jollier than a stuffy old railway train; and, as far as I can make out, nobody anything lacked in the way of milk and meal or meat and malt, though there were rumours of whisky shortages.

**The Triumph of the Automobile.**

Well, the strike is over and peace is restored—for the present and upon the surface, at any rate; but a whole week, plus a long weekend—ten solid days out of the year's quota—has not only been lost, but worse than dead lost, inasmuch as it has thrown

everything out of gear, and hung up and congested every branch of industry throughout the country—not least of all motor-production. And what have we on the credit side? Only one thing, but that a very great thing—the triumph of the automobile, light and heavy; as a strike-breaker, the victory of mobile over immobile traffic, and the assurance that we can face and break bigger strikes than this after such a successful dress-rehearsal. Next time (don't think I am a pessimist—merely one

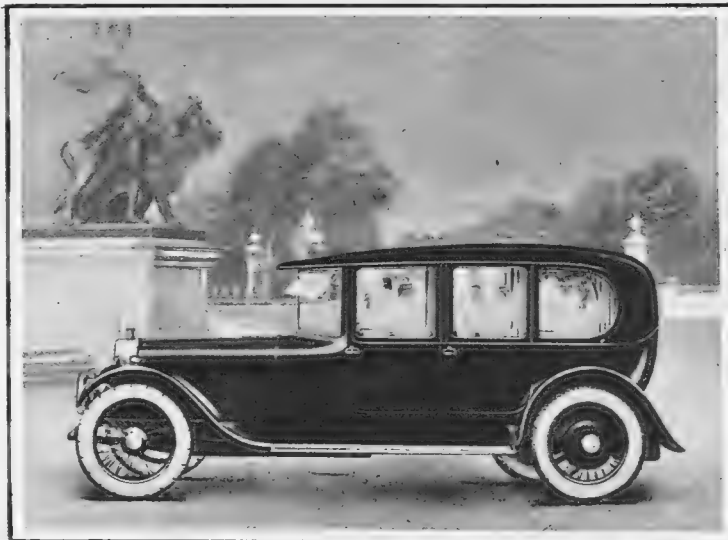
who likes to think on the safe side) the blow will be more sudden still; but the strike-breaking patriot and the amateur of the wheel will know his post and make straight for it. The big associations, such as the R.A.C. and the A.A., have found their feet and done splendid work; but next time there will be no organising, as in the case of the effervescent and inimitable A.A., of petrol-distribution schemes or mail services—both of vital importance—but the pressing of a button and the setting of the machinery in motion. The automobile and its owner have deserved well of the Brothers Geddes: may they now reward them according to their deeds, and not prove themselves ungrateful! This strike has been an ocular demonstration of the new order of things, which is sorting itself into proper perspective of past and future in the kaleidoscope

of the hectic present—with no small balance in favour of the new-fangled combustion engine on unflanged, rubber-shod wheels, free to go whither it listeth without fear or favour.

### Olympia and the Future.

But, none the less, a practical fortnight has been wasted at a most critical time; and though Olympia stands assured next month, unless fresh trouble crops up, it will more and more assume the aspect of a whitened sepulchre—or rather, a gilded mausoleum—in the way of deliveries; while the British industry finds itself further and further handicapped not only at home, but in the big markets abroad; while Labour deliberately gambles with its future wages before consolidating the position beneath its feet. Behind the railway strike, overshadowed by its vast intensity, the strike of the iron-founders, a "key" industry to motor manufacture, still goes on

at the hour of writing, and hands are being turned off by thousands just when employers want them most. Next year we are to have not one Olympia, but two. Let us hope that after this big industrial hiatus, coming on top of everything else, we shall all pull together in the common interest for a while, and bury the hatchet.



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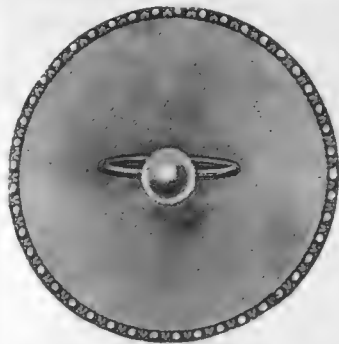
Messrs. D. Napier and Son are specialising in this one private car model, of entirely new design, at the price of £1750.—[Photograph by Bridge Studios.]



ONE OF THE TANK-INVENTION CLAIMANTS: SIR WILLIAM TRITTON, WITH LADY TRITTON, INSPECTING THE DEMONSTRATION TANK AT LINCOLN'S INN.

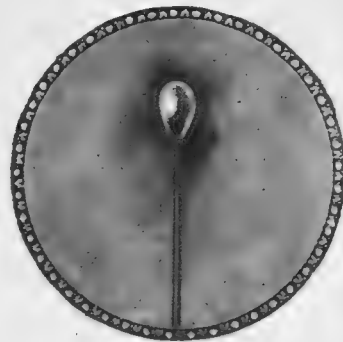
Sir William Tritton (jointly with Major W. G. Wilson) is one of the eleven claimants to bounties for inventions used in the evolution of Tanks. The hearing of their claims by the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors began last week in the old hall of Lincoln's Inn. A demonstration Tank was stationed in the court outside.—[Photograph by British Illustrations, Ltd.]





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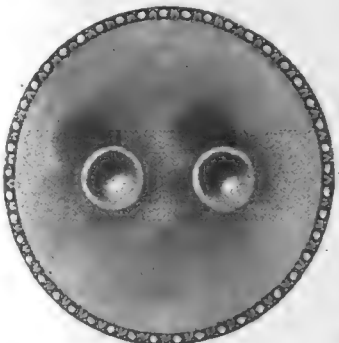


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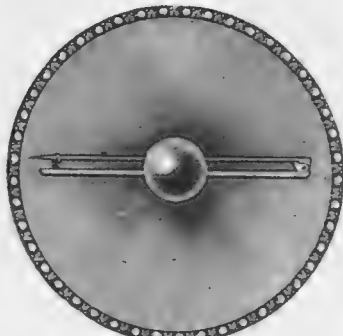
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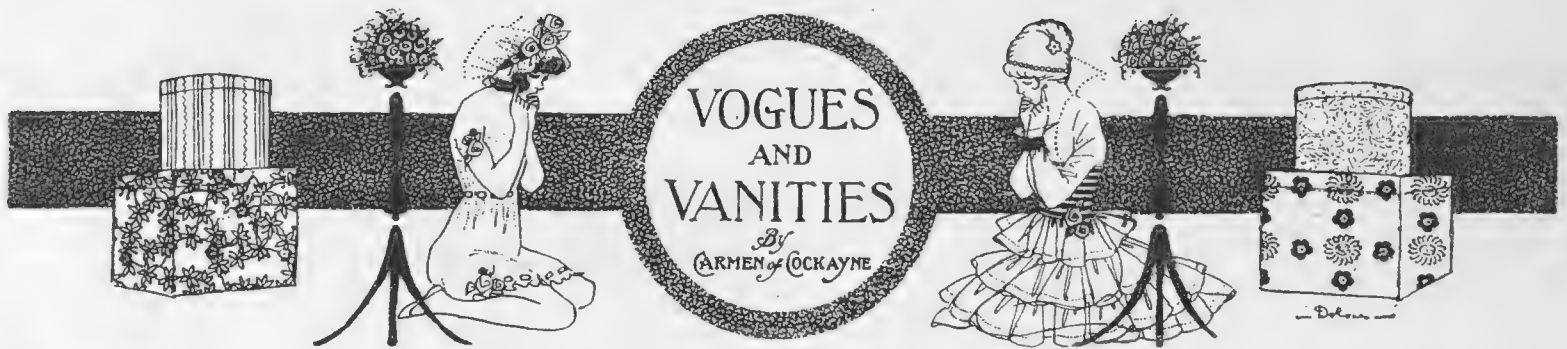
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### Setting the Fashion.

The other day some young Canadian was sadly reflecting on the indifference displayed by British womanhood toward the Prince of Wales. "If only he was our very own Prince," she sighed in effect, "we wouldn't treat him like the cold British women." But, of course, the real truth is that "the cold British women" love the young Prince very much; indeed, they love him so much that they've even let him set a fashion. No, it's not to do with clothes, exactly; but ever since it was reported that H.R.H., who seems to be a really model brother, had bought or ordered an eagle-feather fan for his sister left at home, eagle-feather fans have been sprouting up in the most wonderful way. A particularly fine example was one I saw at a "first night" the other day. The owner kept it in front of her face so persistently that for a while I thought it was the Princess hoping to escape recognition—but it wasn't. If the object was to get attention for the fan, it was achieved.



A vanity bag has now as a companion a vanity fan.

### A Fan for a Beauty.

All of which leads up to the subject of the vanity fan Dolores has sketched on this page, with the mirror most cunningly concealed on one of the outside sticks. In this particular instance the mirror is perfectly frank about itself; but it does sometimes develop bashful tendencies. In that case there's no end to the ingenious devices used to conceal its presence. If you see someone holding a fan with what looks like a particularly fine bit of enamel or crystal set in the front stick, don't be too sure that it's there for ornament only. Ten to one there's a spring or some other device which, when operated, will reveal a mirror, and maybe a wee block of powder and a puff too.



If you can imagine the exact shade of blue known as thunder, you'll know exactly what this looks like.

the onlooker's point of view, is very unsatisfactory—one pair I saw dancing the other day looked anything but elegant, being merely a collection of wrinkles. There's nothing so attractive as a pretty ankle, so why hide it? If one's ankles happen to be less beautiful than one would desire, boots of the kind I have mentioned only make them worse, so the argument in favour of shoes is a doubly strong one.

### Those Untidy Ankles.

Can't someone invent a device for keeping satin boots from wrinkling round the ankle? I'm quite aware that Dolores has drawn a pair, but they are for boudoir use, and not unduly long. My quarrel is with the kind that hardly deserves the name of boot—those anomalous affairs that are cut away in front and show a vast expanse of satin up the back and half-way round the calf. The gulf between the two edges is bridged by lacings of ribbon, and the result, from

### The Latest.

Fashion, one knows, is not confined to women's clothes, and there's hardly a department of life in which she doesn't exercise some influence. To do the Mode justice, she generally uses her powers with discretion, but I fancy there are a good many women who will view with dismay her latest departure in household adornments. "Dumpy" floor cushions are no longer as popular as they were—huge, round, and rather flat fur ones are taking their places. From the seating point of view there's no comparison between the two. The "Dumpy" did, at least, allow you some hope of rising without an unseemly scramble. But the new cushions make one a fixture until the last visitor has passed out of the door.

**Fancies in Dyes.** Sometimes the round, fur floor-cushion is made only of one kind of fur. Sometimes furs are mixed, and nutria may introduce variety into a background of black wolf; and the combination need not be limited only to these two pelts. Generally speaking, cushions of this kind are restricted to the more hardy varieties of skin, but not always. Some of them are cheery-looking objects in orange-dyed fox, with strips of seal musquash introduced for variety. Blue

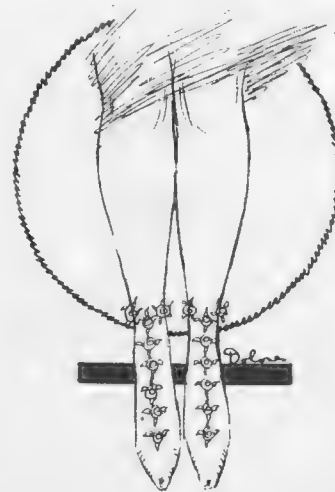


It's a jazz bag, and perfumed at that, and guaranteed not to impede the dancer's movements.

moleskin is another novelty; and though it savours of sacrilege, it's possible to get emerald-green pelts in both fox and coney. An eye for colour-contrasts is all that seems necessary in combining the furs—which, so far as colour goes, become more fashionable as they travel further from their natural state.

### Beaded Gowns.

Beaded gowns are growing more popular every day. As a rule, gowns of this type were kept exclusively for evening wear, but that rule holds good no longer. It's true that in many cases there's very little to distinguish the afternoon gown from its evening sister so far as want of sleeves and corsage go, and now that paillettes can appear with perfect

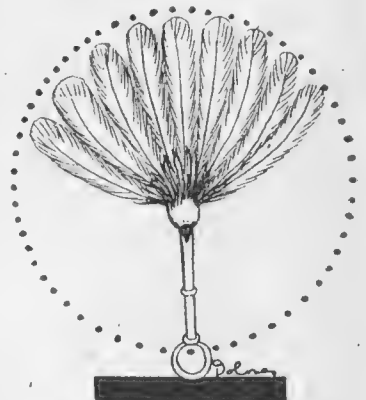


Tiny feet are essential if white satin boots are to look their best.

propriety at the lunch-table, and add to the morning gaiety of Bond Street, the difference is still less. Nevertheless, "shiny" decoration has, so far, been more or less regarded as real evening wear. It's only in America that "sparkling" accompaniments make their appearance by day, generally in the form of jewels, so numerous that the woman who wore them in England would at once be written down as the wife of a profiteer.

### Vogues for Yellow.

Yellow of all shades, but more especially a rich canary hue, is making its appearance in the fashionable world. Its use is by no means restricted to gowns intended for wear under artificial light, and already beauty doctors are getting busy on a new complexion shade to wear with what is admittedly a trying colour. The present "matt" and purplish-tinted complexions are frankly impossible with yellow; but there is a deep ochre-tinted powder to be had, and it's possible that we may yet see cheeks coloured to match the gown worn by the owner.



An eagle-feather fan now replaces the old ostrich variety.





# The Disclosures of Dorothy

## No. 5.—CONCERNING WEDDINGS



**I**F you went to many war weddings you will remember the queer pity that caught at your heart as you watched the smiling bride. You know what the laughter hid.

But how well they did hide it, the brave, gallant young things.

That's all over now, thank God—and the orange blossom and the bouquets have come into their own again, and the bridegroom is relegated to the secondary place he used to hold before the war made him the central figure of a drama that, within a few short days, might have turned to tragedy.

After all, it *is* the bride's day. The bridegroom may be a charming and beautiful young man; and the bridesmaids so many attendant houris, but nobody really matters except the bride. The thought and love that have gone into her trousseau—the days spent in acquiring those delectable nothings that become more delectable (and more costly) every month as ever is—all reach their climax in the great moments of walking up the aisle, the beheld of all beholders. It's trying, too, of course. More so at the reception afterwards when eyes have grown a wee bit less kind and the least blemish on perfection is sure to be noticed—and remembered. Maybe you catch your best friend's eye—across an ice—and there's just the least suspicion of criticism in it.

Perhaps she *is* thinking—"What a pity the old darling would have it cut just like that—she'd have looked tons better if . . ."

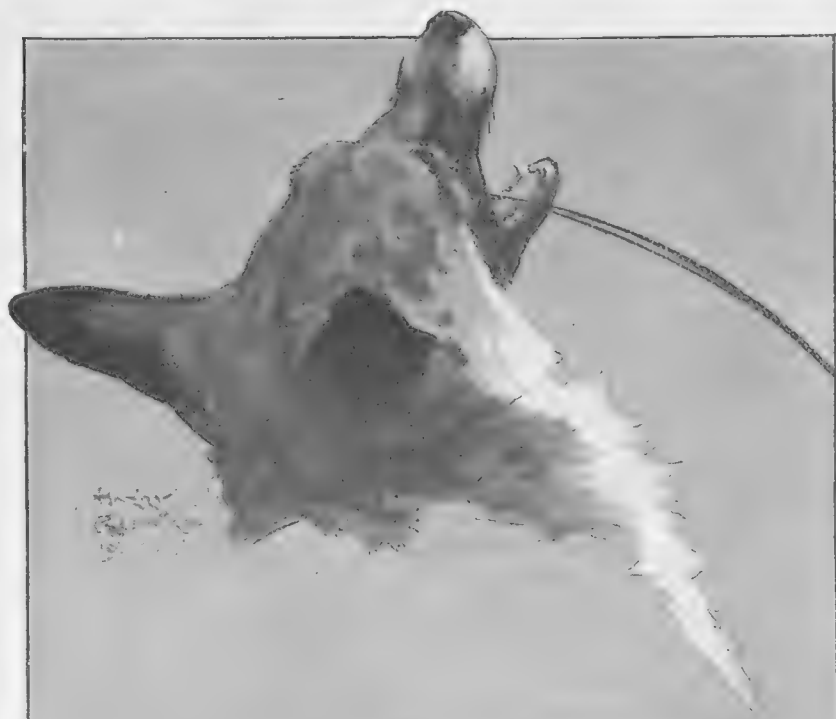
Me—I have my own plans. Oh, yes. What girl hasn't? I intend to be so perfect that his most utter relations won't have the thinnest ghost of a criticism to offer. I've slackened just a bit in my schoolgirl enthusiasm for thick, thick satin and priceless lace. I think perhaps with Peace so barely realised, and everybody so doubtful and wondering just what will happen with Bolsheviks springing up in all sorts of unexpected places—I met one at a drawing-room last week—that it might be better to retain a little of the simplicity that ruled our war-time marryings and giving in marriage. Don't you think?

But whatever I wear—"silk, satin, cotton, rags"—there's just one item of my toilet upon which I am never undecided. The—*the backbone*, so to speak—of my wedding dress (please don't think I've forgotten that backbones are hopelessly "out.")

I droop from the waist like any heavy-headed flower or a this year's debutante) will be a La Vida. I wouldn't trust anything else to give me the serene self-confidence of the bride who knows she looks like a Worth or Paquin dream. Believe me—that feeling will carry any woman triumphantly through any ordeal—even the wonderful, terrifying ordeal of her wedding day.

To all to-morrow's brides! Be sure to have your wedding dress fitted over a La Vida corset, and wear a La Vida on the great day. It's the only road to perfection.

**P.S.**—Pretty well any drapery house of repute can fit you with a La Vida Corset, but if you *should* experience any difficulty, just send a line to the Managers (Fitting Dept.), "La Vida" Corsets, 23, London W.11, London, E.C.2, and she'll tell you the name of the Agent nearest your place.



## RAINHARD DEXTER

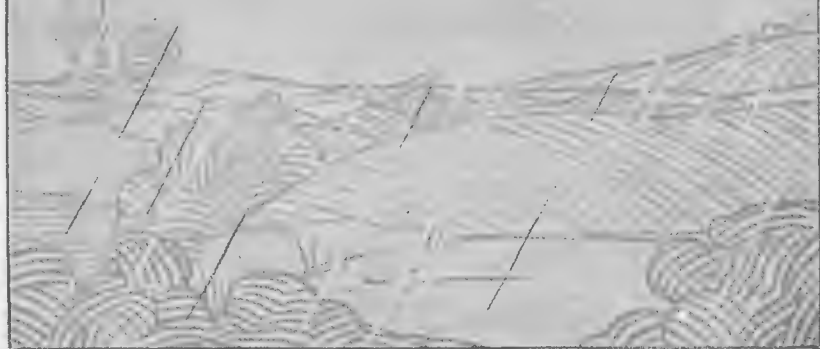
notes the gathering storm, sends forth his proud challenge, asks no quarter . . .

Like every other thoroughbred, the Dexter Weathercoat has its distinctive points. They are, briefly—proofing, positive and permanent . . . exclusive fabrics . . . exclusive style . . . and fine craftsmanship in the tailoring details . . . qualities that ensure "quality" . . . and quality in a weatherproof is true economy.



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(WHOLESALE ONLY)





## THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN.

### Weather-Wise Deer.

The other day, motoring through the mountains towards Berriedale, we saw two herds of deer down to about six or seven hundred feet above sea-level. They looked fine, the stags' antlers showing up against the sky-line. Next morning the high hills were white with snow. The deer knew what was coming! A party was out from Langwell, including the Duke of Portland. They were not, I think, stalking the deer, which were, I imagine, in sanctuary; but they had guns or rifles under their macintoshes, and it was blowing half a gale and raining ice-cold slashes of wet, so being out about "deers" is not such a soft job as being about among dears!

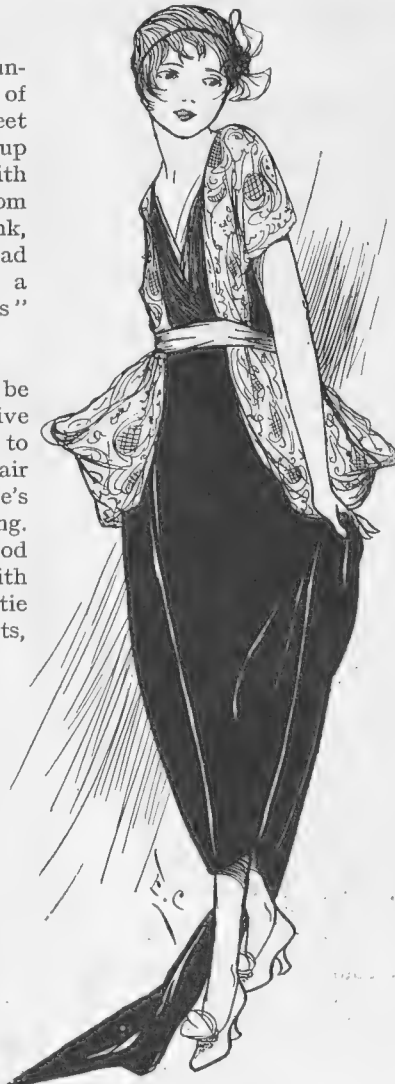
### Comfort in Cold.

The only way to motor in comfort is to be "not at home" to Mr. Cold—a very intrusive and impertinent person. It sounds all very well to say this, but to do it is a different matter. There is a way—a real Jaeger camel's-hair coat, and a tam-o'-shanter to match. Such a coat lined as to one's body with silk "sports the oak" to Mr. Cold at his most persevering. Should it be wet motoring weather, a light oil-skin over it is a good thing, albeit the camel's-hair turns the rain. They are made with double protection over the chest and knees, and with a collar and tie that fasten up to the neck. Cosily soft and warm are these coats, which are very precious possessions. The warmth and lightness of Jaeger underclothing has been appreciated here for forty-odd years, and our officer men knew its value in war time. During Capital and Labour war time some of us, marooned away from home comforts, were grateful to those supplied by our Jaegers.

### Pride Brought Low.

One thing that exposure to the breezes and the wind-driven rain teaches, and that is some help is necessary for the skin of the face and ears to keep normal under these conditions. There is a girl who makes it her boast that good soap and the soft water we have here in the Highlands are all that she ever uses. Up to a few days ago her skin throve on it; then came a rough motor expedition, when sand mingled with the assaulting rain. Our young friend went to bed and slept the sleep of the tired-out. Next morning her face burned and smarted, and looked

*That black velvet and lace always go well together is almost a platitude; in this particular instance the lace, being of the oxidised-silver variety, gives the dress a distinctively modern touch.*



red and rough, and we began with one accord to hum, "Good soap and soft water are all my skin ever gets." The poor dear was reduced to tears, so we warmly sympathised and ran to our rooms for our beloved Royal Vinolia Cream, and our young friend was soon skin-soothed and happy. She is not now so "cocky" about her complexion, but quite as dependent as the rest of us on our boxes of "R.V.," which we are using most carefully in view of possible difficulties as to further supplies.

### Laing Pedigrees.

We get very varied samples of weather here, but since we have been up have always had fine Sundays. It reminds one of Tom Morris's saying of such days: "It's a graand gouging day chust suppit oop by the Sabbath." We cannot golf here on Sunday, nor shoot, nor fish, nor do any such thing, or we should be put down as "godless bodies frae the Sooth," and Highlanders have ways of making you value their good opinion. We do motor or walk out to lunch, and this meal is usually a cheery one. A man was talking of a very ancient family in these parts, Maclean for choice, and told us that once a member of it was boasting of his long descent. "Well," said another, "there were no Macleans in the Ark, anyway!" "No that," said the Mac: "We Macleans aye ha'e a boat o' oor own!" The day will never come, I think, when these Northerners cease to value ancient lineage—but then, your gillie has it equally with your laird.

[Continued overleaf.]

**POPE & BRADLEY**  
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### THE GRAND STAND

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## THE COST OF CLOTHES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I AM seldom serious . . . for long. And so these notes will naturally be short.

I seldom write of clothes—it is such a serious subject . . . with men a very sombre one.

But since we are exhorted by the Powers That Think They Be to economise, I will deal with the cost.

The prices charged by this House are less than double those of pre-war. The minimum price before war for a lounge suit was six guineas, and the most expensive cashmeres about eight guineas. The minimum price now for a tweed suit is ten guineas, and for cashmeres from twelve to fourteen. And yet, early this year I placed orders for sufficient woollen materials to make about £100,000 of suits at 160 per cent. increase on 1914 prices.

This is a cold statement of fact, and not a camouflage of figure juggling. And if the prices charged at present were reduced by 10 per cent. the Shareholder of Pope and Bradley, there is only one—myself—would be compelled to live on the unemployment dole or become a Cabinet Minister, or a Pharisee or a Publican or a Republican.

Now the prices charged by Pope and Bradley are for very good clothes. Compare them, please, with the prices charged for very bad beer.

The price of bad beer is about four times as much as it was pre-war for good beer. Which is equivalent to Pope and Bradley charging thirty-two guineas for a suit so bad that even a brewer would be ashamed to be seen wearing it in the suburbs on Sunday evening.

Compare also the price of "anæmic" Gin, of Manchurian Beef, of the beneficial Banana, or the feminine splotch of chiffon at twenty-five guineas—an unblushing figure that does not even conceal an unblushing figure.

These are problems for the Profiteering Tribunals when they eventually commandeer and sit in the British Museum.

And all the time the Government sardonically laughs, knowing itself the greatest Profiteer of all. For when their brains went wool-gathering up went the prices of clothes.

I will refrain from further argument lest this House be mistaken for a Philanthropic Institute—which it is not. It is merely a commercially moral establishment organised to provide the proprietor with occasional caviare and the Bureaucracy with a devil of a big Income Tax.

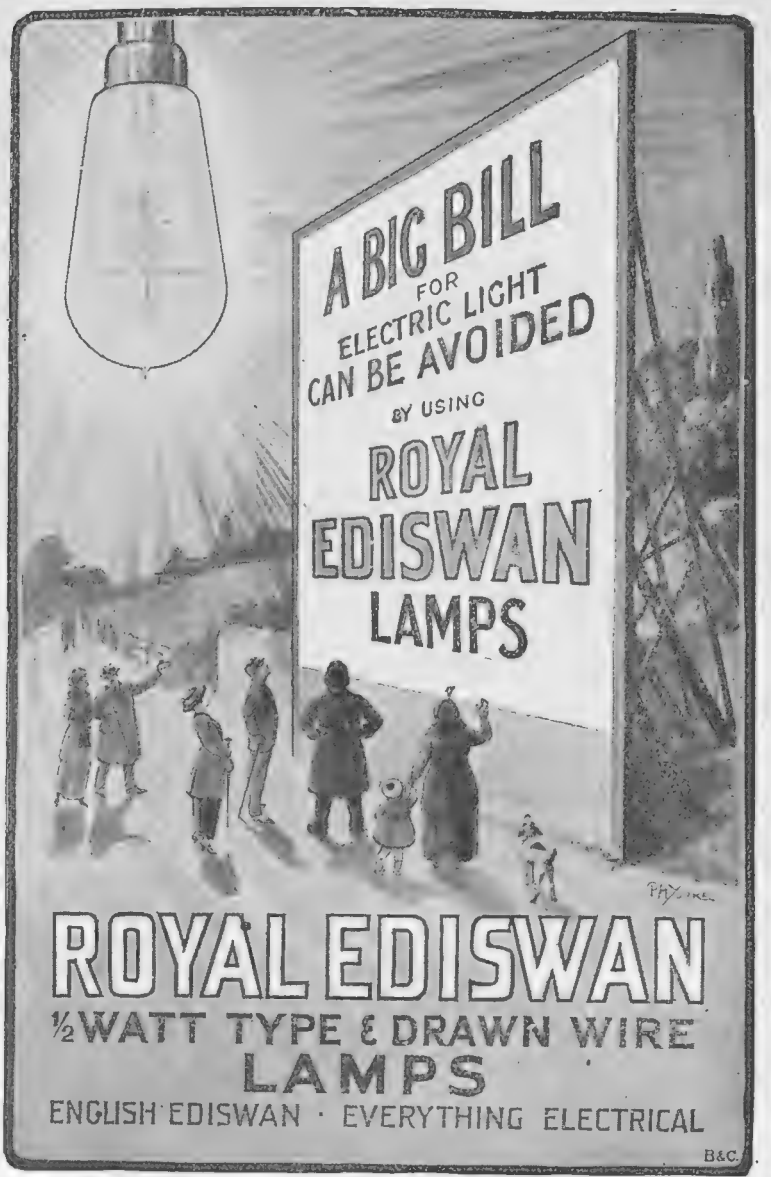
It is really quite a new emotion to feel comparatively virtuous. But, then, virtue is always comparative.

Lounge Suits from	£10 10 0	Dinner Suits from	£14 14 0
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**EXCLUSIVE MODEL**  
**TURBAN AND SCARF** of  
black silk velvet, ends of scarf  
stitched with black silk, and  
finished with monkey fringe, lined  
with mixed coloured wool. em-  
broidery. The Turban trimmed  
to correspond.

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**DELIGHTFUL BLOUSES**  
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Sizes 13½, 14, 14½ .. .. **64/9**



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throughout  
with black  
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narrow  
bead fringe.  
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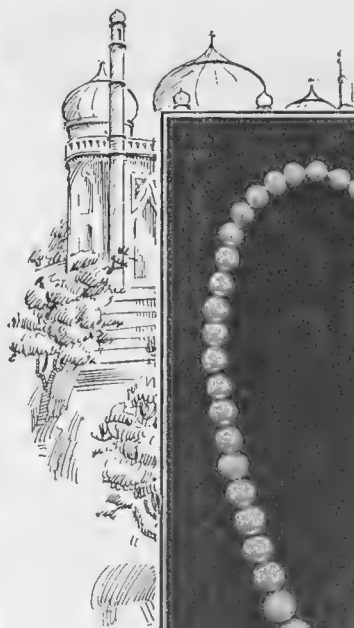
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We think this extract from King James the First's genial little pamphlet, published in 1604 will be of wide interest to all smokers. It shews that His Majesty was not a smoker, wherein he differed from many of his subjects. Indeed, his strong views led him to pass the law prohibiting the growth of tobacco in this country, an industry that was then being developed.

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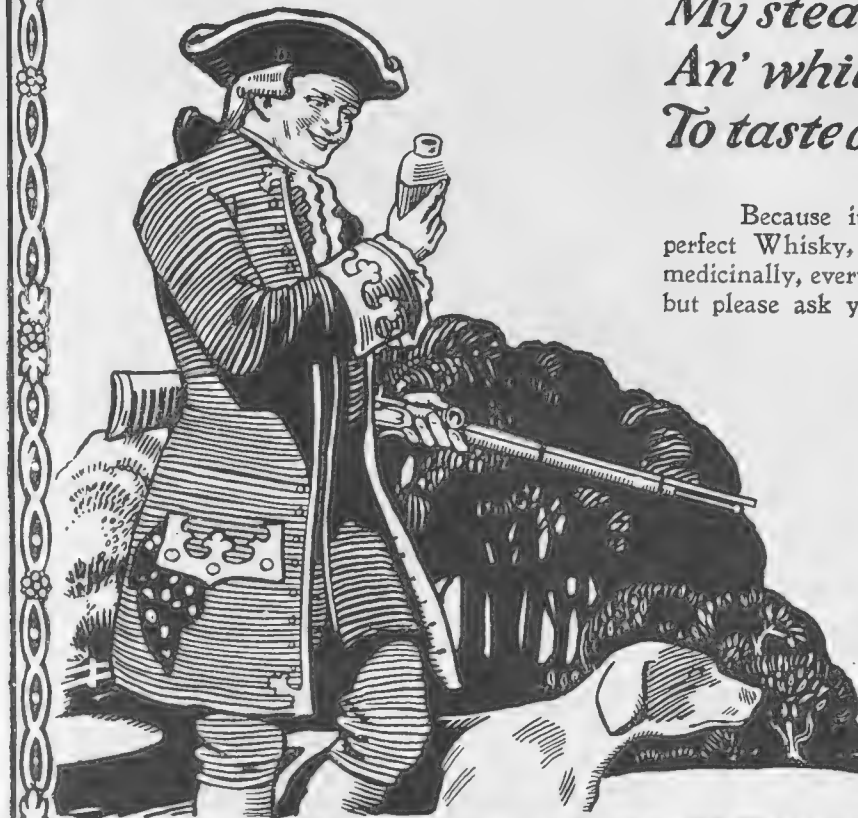
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*My trusty flint-lock ayel carry,  
My steady aim few birds escape,  
An' whiles, for juist a wee I tarry  
To taste a drap o' guid "Red Tape".*

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Poor stropping injures the best of razors. Even a WILKINSON razor becomes dull if it is not Stropped effectively. A highly skilled hairdresser knows how to strop. Have you watched the heel to toe movement he gives to the razor?  
Can you do this? Is your razor a boon to you? If not you must have a

**WILKINSON'S**  
**DOUBLE-ACTION STROPPING MACHINE**  
which does the trick for you

Price 18/6




← Note Vertical Motion.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE**

A simple device that will give keenness and life to your razor, and enjoyment to your shave.

**WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.,**  
Gun, Sword and Equipment Makers — Razor Manufacturers,  
53, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.  
Managing Director: T. H. Randolph. Works: ACTON, W.



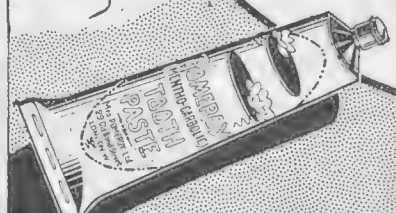
"Dad uses it; so does Mother; and so do we."

**Pomeroy**  
(MENTHO-CARBOLIC)  
**Tooth Paste**

No one deserts Pomeroy Tooth Paste for another kind, because Pomeroy Tooth Paste realizes their ideal. It makes the teeth so white, sweetens the mouth and refreshes the palate; and the tube lasts so long. Try it!

1/6 an economical tube. Of Chemists.

MRS. POMEROY, LTD.,  
29, Old Bond St., London, W. 1.





## Which have you got— Strong Nerves or Wrong Nerves?

When nerves "go wrong" it is simply because they are weakened by worry, overwork or illness.

Look at the above illustration, and you will see what happens—just as the microscope reveals it! Fig. A shows healthy nerve fibres. Figs. B and C show them "going wrong"—not absorbing sufficient nourishment to energise and repair themselves. Fig. D shows the same nerve fibres being "reconstructed"—*strengthened and built up by the vitalizing nutritive elements they derive from Sanatogen.*

That's how a course of Sanatogen changes wrong nerves into strong nerves—and thereby imparts vigour and health to the whole system. A natural process, you observe, without stimulation or reaction—and certain and lasting in its ultimate result.

Wouldn't you be the better for a good course of Sanatogen?

*Feed up your nerves on*

# SANATOGEN

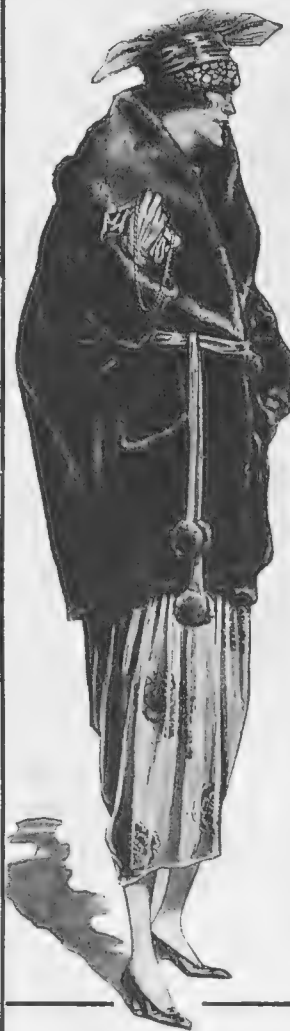
THE GENUINE FOOD-TONIC

Begin that course to-day—with a fixed determination to continue it faithfully until every nerve-fibre in your body is tingling with health and vitality. Go and buy some Sanatogen now, while the impulse is upon you. Once you have taken this decisive step, Sanatogen-twice-a-day will be your unvarying rule. And at 2/3 to 10/9 per tin, it only costs you slightly under 2½d. per dose.

## Also ask your chemist for SANATOGEN CHOCOLATE

—a delicious sweetmeat containing a good percentage of Sanatogen skillfully mixed with Pascall's pure chocolate. Not equivalent to Sanatogen, of course, but far more nourishing and invigorating than ordinary chocolate (1/6 per packet).

GENATOSAN, LTD. (Makers of Formamint Genasprin, etc.)  
12, Chenies St., London, W.C. 1.  
(Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda)



## RELIABLE FURS

MADE by our own furriers from sound and reliable skins. The garment illustrated is a typical example of the value we are offering in our Fur Department.

A beautiful and thoroughly reliable FUR COAT in very fine Seal Coney and Beaver.

Price 49 Gns.

Write for Catalogue.

**MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE**  
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
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## Marks & their Meaning.

The Hall Marks on Gold or Silver guarantee its quality. The Signature of LEA & PERRINS in white on a bottle of Sauce is a Hall Mark to indicate the Original and Genuine Worcestershire.

*Lea & Perrins*



THE MOST PERFECT  
EVER PRODUCED.

**NOVIO**  
TOILET PAPER

Finest Quality, THIN, Soft, Strong, Silky  
(see "Lancet," 27 July, '07)  
"NOVIO" contains about three times as many sheets as thick, common rolls.  
**BEST & MOST ECONOMICAL.**  
Sold Everywhere. Also in Cartons & Packets.

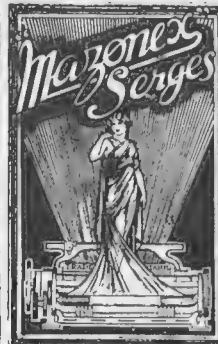
**NOVIO**

THE BRITISH **BERKEFELD**



**FILTER**

SARDINIA  
HOUSE  
KINGSWAY,  
LONDON,  
W.C.2



TRADE MARK.  
West Riding Weaving Co., 11 Aire St., Leeds

**SAVING MONEY**  
is a real necessity to-day, and it is very important to get your cloths first-hand.

THE  
"MAZONEX"  
SERGES

All wool 54 ins. wide in Black and Navy, ARE THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

All orders carriage paid to any address in U.K.

Write for patterns (gratis and post free) to sole manufacturers.

**HIMROD'S  
ASTHMA  
CURE**

**HIMROD'S  
CURE FOR  
ASTHMA**

the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The Standard remedy for over 40 years. At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



# The admiration of everyone



"La Naturelle" is the production of the famous French posticheur—Monsieur Georges. It differs from every other transformation, in that *detection is absolutely impossible*. When worn with a parting, it is positively natural in effect—the hair has the appearance of growing from the scalp.

If you want a transformation which you can wear fearlessly, you *must* have "La Naturelle." An imitation would but cause you annoyance, disappointment, and further expense.

Visit our salons, and see "La Naturelle" for yourself, or send to Dept. 4 for an "appro." selection or **Catalogue de Luxe.**

Toupet from 4 Guineas.  
Full Transformation from  
12 Guineas.

(The "Times" system of instalments is available.)

*Maison Georges*  
40. BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1.



## Fashionable Woollen STOLES for Autumn Wear

Suitable for all manner  
of occasions.

**FLEECY WOOLLEN STOLE** (as  
*sketch*), extra large size, made  
from the best quality Alpaca  
Wool, in a beautiful range of  
shades, or White, with con-  
trasting spot design.

PRICE  
**5½ Gns.**

### SILK HOSE.

Fast dye, strongly re-inforced  
silk and lisle thread tops and  
feet, with perforated line to  
prevent laddering. In White,  
Black and Brown.

Price **22/6** per pair.  
In extra heavy weight, in Black  
and White only, **17/6** per pair.

**Debenham  
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*Maneus*

Will be showing  
their new collection  
of all the latest  
French Models on  
**THURSDAY,**  
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HOURS  
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ESTABLISHED 1723

TRADE MARK (REGD)

*Paris Models in Furs.*

# Revillon Frères

(LONDON) LIMITED.

180, Regent Street, London, W.1.

PARIS NEW YORK

*Aristocracy in Dress*

Do you want to look like everybody else or do you prefer that others should wish to look like you? An air of distinction and style is imparted to wearers of LISTA PURE SILK.



**LISTA PURE SILK**

Guaranteed and Manufactured by  
Lister & Co., Ltd, Manningham Mills, Bradford.

## SANITAS

The most perfect MOUTHWASH and PREVENTIVE of Pyorrhoea (Rigg's Disease) and Septic Poisoning caused by BAD TEETH.

The MOST EFFECTIVE GERM-KILLING GARGLE, preventing and arresting SORE THROAT.

Protects from all Infectious Diseases, and is the best WASH FOR WOUNDS, SORES, and TENDER FEET. NON-POISONOUS, DOES NOT STAIN LINEN, and a perfect AIR PURIFIER (used as spray).

Pamphlet and full particulars sent free.

The "SANITAS" CO., Ltd., Limehouse, London, E.14

Established 30 years. Highest Awards, 12 Gold Medals

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THE RECOGNISED HOUSE FOR PERFECT FITTING

**MUFTI & SERVICE DRESS**  
Only Maker of "HALLZONE" Ideal "GOLD MEDAL" RIDING BREECHES

UNEQUALLED  
VALUE,  
FIT,  
& STYLE

PATTERNS

MUFTI SUITS  
&  
OVERCOATS  
from £8 8 0

POST FREE

**LADIES' SALON**

207, OXFORD ST., W.1  
COATS & SKIRTS from 10/10/-  
RIDING HABITS „ 12/12/-

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED  
FOR ALL GARMENTS  
FROM SIMPLE SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM.

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**DEMobilIZATION**

PERFECT FITTING MUFTI  
FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR  
OR TO MEASURE IN 24 HOURS

VISITORS TO LONDON  
CAN LEAVE RECORD MEASURES OR  
CAN ORDER & FIT SAME DAY

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## THE STANDARD

Tone - and Volume -  
and Sympathetic Harmony

A supreme achievement in piano construction has been reached in the creation of an instrument of unrivalled purity of tone, responsive to the most delicate inflections, and yet capable of a gorgeous resonance.

The new Chappell Bijou Grand is, by consensus of musical opinion, a standard for all the world. In outward appearance it is strikingly expressive of the grandeur of its quality.

Those who appreciate the aesthetic joys of hearing notes of mellow purity, are invited to call at the Chappell Showrooms to indulge their taste and express their opinion.

## CHAPPELL

— THE —  
**CHAPPELL PIANO  
Company Ltd.,**

Showrooms:—  
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Telephone:  
MAYFAIR 3940 (4 lines),  
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LONDON."



Telegrams:  
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## Wilson & Gill

Telephone:  
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3681."

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"

139 & 141, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

WILSON & GILL'S "STAINLESS" CUTLERY



Wilson & Gill's Stainless Cutlery is fitted with finest Oval Zylonite Lockfast Handles, with superior quality Sheffield Stainless and Rustless Steel Blades, which retain permanently their original Highly Polished Surface, and only require cleaning in the same manner as silver spoons and forks.

Table Knives £1 7s. 6d. per Full size ½ doz. Cheese Knives £1 5s. 0d. per Full size ½ doz.

Complete set of Stainless Cutlery and finest Silver-Plated Spoons, Forks, etc., for 6 persons (59 pieces) complete in Oak Case, £20.



## Before Retiring

When troubled with sleeplessness, take a cup of "Ovaltine" just before retiring. It will ensure sound and refreshing sleep.

Sleeplessness is frequently due to nervous debility and digestive unrest. "Ovaltine" is rich in those elements which restore the nerves and correct digestion.

Ovaltine is prepared from ripe barley malt, creamy milk, fresh eggs—and flavoured with cocoa. *Nothing more.* The special process of extraction and concentration retains all the essential nerve and body-building materials and renders them easy of digestion and assimilation.

When feeling "below par" and after times of sustained bodily or mental effort "Ovaltine" is the natural restorative. It quickly overcomes fatigue and tones and builds up the system. It is the very marrow of recuperative and energizing materials.

For Children, Adults and the Aged

## OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body**

One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa, 12 cups of beef extract or 3 eggs.

No fuss or trouble in making—merely stir the golden granules into hot milk or milk and water.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores  
at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.



Send for TRIAL SAMPLE, of delicious "Ovaltine," enclosing 3d. in stamps.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 23, Cowcross St., LONDON, E.C.1.

Works: King's Langley, Herts.

*Continued.]*

**Prince Charlie's  
Liqueur.**

There is a thing that we all "cotton to," as they say in Ireland, when we have been out fishing and come in nearly stiff and icy-cold. It is a liqueur-glass full of Drambuie, an Isle of Skye liqueur which has won its way to Hieland hearts. It has a right there, for it is made from a recipe brought from France in 1745 by Bonnie Prince Charlie. The Prince gave it to Mackinnon of Strathaird, and it is now the property of Malcolm Mackinnon, of the Drambuie Liqueur Company, 8, Union Street, Edinburgh; but it can be had from all good wine merchants and stores. It warms the cockles of your heart and delights your palate, doing two things at once with complete efficiency. Hunting men, now that the season is starting, will do well to reinforce themselves for a cold wait at covert-side by half a dram of Drambuie, or more, as required.

**Women's  
Anxieties.**

Women had many anxieties in a time of hold-up of communications. I met one whose idolised only son had, on returning to school, been reported sick, and measles or scarlet-fever feared. She was wiring all over the place for cars to take her South, and kept on saying, "Think of the poor mothers who have no money to get to their sick children!" We said nothing, but we were doubtful if money would do it. Then the lighter side was that warmer clothing wired for when the weather grew cold was indefinitely held up; and one good lady wore her eiderdown bed-cover over her in an armchair at a peat fire, and said she could not move, except to go to bed, until the strike was over and her warmer



*A useful coat and skirt of black serge, with a narrow white check. It is adorned with fur collar and cuffs, and white pearl buttons.*

garments came! The super-sensitive who can only wear silk and crêpe-de-Chine and other cobweb-like textures for "undies" began to repent them of their foolish ways, and to believe that certain climates make certain demands, and take it out of those who don't comply.

**The Good Old  
Sport.**

The Prince of Wales is going to be a hunting man, and is looking out for quarters this season. H.R.H. is not ambitious; he wants a comfortable box with good accommodation for a modest stud, but no luxurious quarters or large premises. The Prince is a good man on a horse, and loves riding. His experience of hunting has yet to come, for, further than a run or two with the West Norfolk, he has had no chance. Princess Mary is quite keen to hunt, too, and is a more than usually good horsewoman, having a capital seat, good hands, and a love for and understanding of the noble beast that go to the making of a rider to hounds. The Princess, too, has had a run with the West Norfolks, and looks forward to more this winter. The King, as Prince of Wales, had one never-to-be-forgotten day with the Beaufort, and will, it is believed, attend meets of the West Norfolk this season. The Hunt or Hunts with which the Prince of Wales elects to see sport will be envied of all others.

**Presents for  
Happy Pairs.**

Marrying and giving in marriage goes gaily on, despite the acute spasm of strikitis that recently interfered with the plans for pretty ceremonies. Many and vicious have been the attacks on the giving of wedding presents, all of which have been ignominious failures.

*[Continued overleaf.]*

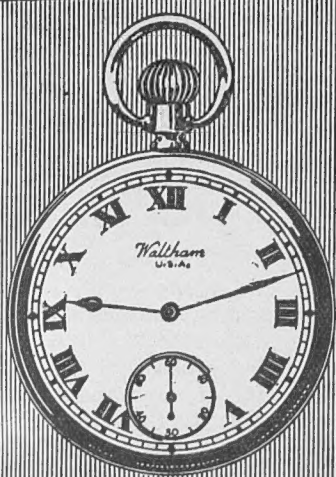
*The Quality Dressing for Black Boots*

**MELTONIAN  
CREAM**

Supplied in Black & White  
Sold in Bottles 1/- & 1/9. In Tubes 1/3  
Manufactured by **E. BROWN & SON LTD.**  
7 Garrick St. LONDON. W.C. 2.  
*and at Paris, 26 Rue Bergère.*







## Waltham Watches

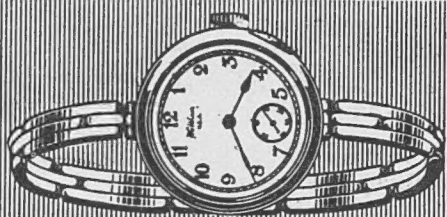
### Miracles of mechanical genius

When a man carries his grandfather's Waltham, as so many do, he naturally comes to regard it as a miracle of mechanical genius. The name Waltham stands for watch supremacy because of more advanced principles of manufacture—more scientific skill in construction—and more dependable timekeeping than can be found in other watches. The wise man, and woman, too, buys a Waltham and so gets a timekeeper that gives a lifetime of satisfying service.

*Of all reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers,*

**Illustrated Literature Free.**

The Waltham Watch Co., Ltd. (Dept. 5) 125, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.



## A Phat-Pheet boot for girls

THE factory has just sent us a large consignment of these white calf boots in sizes 9 to 2½ and until the stock is exhausted, orders can be filled by return.

... The incidence of demand, however, is always a disturbing factor, and it may so happen that a run on certain sizes may clear these in a few days.

... Prospective buyers are advised to take this contingency into account—a contingency always difficult to explain to disappointed and angry customers who have expended time or postage to no account.

Sizes 9-10 10½-12 12½-1 1½-2 2½  
Prices 27/6 29/6 31/6 34/- 36/6



No. 0838 S White Calf.

Send 6d for a sample

IF you should hesitate to send cash with a definite order for a pair, we are willing to forward a single boot for inspection and fitting upon receipt of 6d. stamps for postage. Send outline drawings of child's feet, and mention size worn at present.

Write for the Phat-Pheet Booklet.

## Daniel Neal & SONS LIMITED

Dept. 17—126 Kensington High St., W. 8



Fitting Rooms also at—  
68-70 Edgware Rd., W. 2.; 124 Kensington High St., W. 8;  
and 123, High St., Putney, S.W. 15.



### Immediately after the Meal

is the ideal time to enjoy  
Pascall Crème de Menthes.

Then it is that one appreciates most their refreshing flavour, and benefits most by their aid to digestion. But at any time and all times they can be enjoyed—for they are truly delicious. Pascall Crème de Menthes are non-alcoholic, but they possess the true liqueur flavour. They are a complete change from other sweets.

## Pascall CRÈME DE MENTHE

*Non-Alcoholic, but possessing the  
true Crème de Menthe flavour.*

1/3 & 2/6 Tins. Of Confectioners.

JAMES PASCALL LTD., LONDON, S.E.

• Also Pascall Bitter-Sweets-Chocolates •



There is a lot of  
EXTRA COMFORT  
in a

## JAEGER *Pure Wool* CARDIGAN.

27/6 to 57/6  
(Brushed or Unbrushed).

LONDON DEPOTS:

126, Regent Street, W. 1.  
456, Strand, W.C. 2.  
30, Sloane Street, S.W. 1.

102, Kensington High St., W. 8.  
115, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.  
85 and 86, Cheapside, E.C. 2.

Jaeger Agents in every Town and throughout the British Empire.



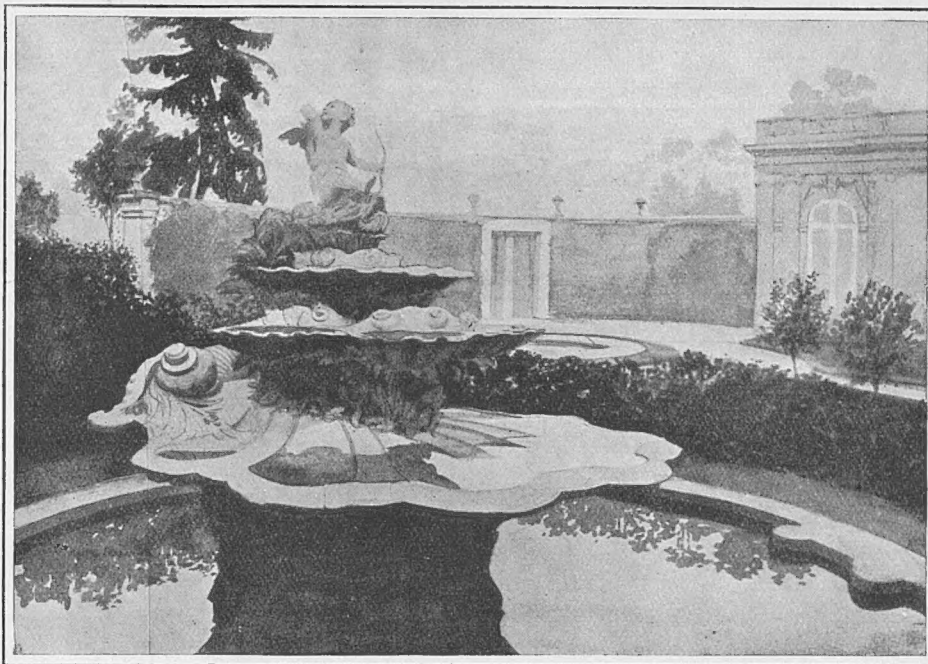
*(Continued)*

There is something fundamentally right about showing goodwill in practical ways to young couples starting to pull the car of their destiny in double harness. What is necessary to make a success of it, as of all gift-bestowing, is thought. If that, and a little questioning care are exercised, no bridegroom will have thirty-seven ink-stands and no bride over two dozen silver boxes to form a vicious circle and go out again and again to add to these embarrassing riches of other happy pairs. A canteen of Community Plate from the Oneida Community Company, Diamond House, Hatton Garden, is a useful and lasting gift, guaranteed for fifty years. It can be had in the best period designs, such as Sheraton, Hepplewhite, etc., so that further value can be added by matching the recipient's dining-rooms.

#### Well Worth Living.

Cigarettes now; these give those of us who have pet "stinkoras" to think furiously, for supplies were short—we had looked to renew them so soon in the South. You may imagine that a man who was going up to Scapa with quite a big supply of "Greys" (the celebrated silk-cut Virginians manufactured by Major Drapkin and Co., which are such well-beloved smokes) was besieged. He was quite amenable; his chances of getting to the ships with his wares were doubtful, and he was not at all above making

some deals *en route*. Now, with minds at rest, we have ceased even to ration smokes, and sit out in a verandah and puff blissfully despite the rarity of puff trains, and feel that if we have to be marooned this is the place to choose for the process. Also our weather is delicious—so mild that we have no fires until evening, and so bright and sunny and breezy that, let strikers strike never so inconsiderately, we feel life to be well worth living.



AT THE BROOK STREET ART GALLERY: ONE OF MR. MARIUS FORESTIER'S PAINTINGS OF VERSAILLES—"LA COCQUILLE," A FOUNTAIN IN THE TRIANON GARDENS.

Mr. Marius Forestier is showing a delightful series of paintings and drawings of the Gardens of Versailles, and sketches of Paris, at the Brook Street Art Gallery. The Exhibition remains open till the 20th. He is the son of Mr. A. Forestier, the well-known artist of the "Illustrated London News." Mr. Marius Forestier was recently demobilised after serving in the Army since 1914. His Versailles paintings were done during student days in Paris.

Philip Connard, A.R.A., Mr. Walter Bayes, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, Miss Anna Airy, Mr. C. W. R. Nevinson, and other well-known artists.

"War Pictures at the Royal Academy," being the illustrated official record of the war, will be published by authority of the Imperial War Museum early in December, at the popular price of half-a-crown, by Walter Judd, Ltd., publishers of "The Royal Academy Illustrated." It will contain reproductions of pictures painted by leading artists who were specially commissioned by the Government to visit the fighting areas in various parts of the world, including Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A., Sir William Orpen, R.A., Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., Mr. George Clausen, R.A., Mr. D. Y. Cameron, A.R.A., Mr. Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., Sir John Lavery, A.R.A., Mr. H. Hughes Stanton, A.R.A., Mr.

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## Powerful Uric Acid Solvent.



**Rheumatism  
Gout  
Gravel  
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Neuralgia  
Obesity**



#### Medical Opinion:

"URODONAL is not only the most powerful uric acid solvent at present known to Science, being **37 times more powerful than lithia**, but it also prevents its excessive production and its accumulation in the joints and tissues."

—Dr. P. SUARD, late Professor attached to the Naval Medical College; late Hospital Physician.

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 and 12/6, from the British & Colonial Agents, **HEPPELLS**, Pharmacists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W. 1. Full explanatory booklets sent post free on application.



Extract from letter dated 1st October, 1918, from Mrs. P. H. Morris, 29, Hectorage Road, Tonbridge.

"I am sure it gives me great pleasure to tell you that I have brought up from infancy my **TEN own babies**. My doctor recommended **Robinson's 'Patent' Barley** with my first baby as my own milk was not satisfying enough. My baby got on so well that I continued the same food with all the babies. I am proud to tell you that **FIVE of them are in H.M. army, making fine tall soldiers.**"

Mrs. Morris now sends the above photograph of the five sons referred to in her letter.

## ROBINSON'S 'Patent' BARLEY

When you read testimonials from mothers with families of 10 and 12 children—strong, healthy and vigorous boys and girls—all brought up from infancy on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley (first made in 1823) you cannot have any doubt as to the value of this old-established preparation for making Barley Water as a diluent of cow's milk (fresh, dried or condensed) for infant feeding.

**BEWARE OF  
SUBSTITUTES.**

Write for free Booklet "Advice to Mothers,"  
Dept. S, KEEN, ROBINSON & Co., Ltd.,  
LONDON, E. 1.

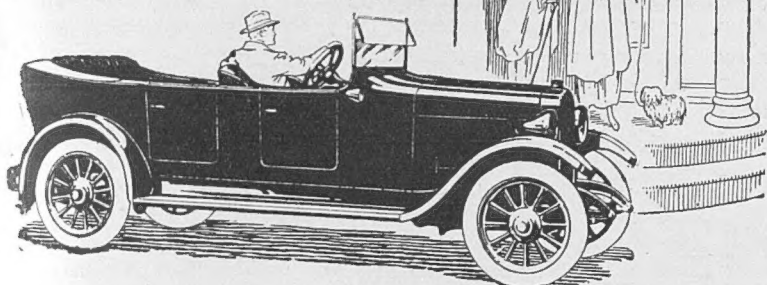


# Quality

An old Spanish proverb says, "He who has a good seat should not leave it." And by the same token, it is not often that an Austin owner disposes of his car. Quality tells!

The **Austin**  
"Twenty"

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.  
Head Office: NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM  
Telephone: - - - - - King's Norton 230.  
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And at Paris and Brussels.



# Motor Mascots

*S*PECIALLY designed by one of England's leading Sculptors, these dainty and artistic Motor Mascots are attracting considerable attention from car owners.

Apart from their artistic merit, the workmanship and finish are of the finest quality, making them a worthy ornament for high-class cars.

The "MINX." Cast in solid metal, either Brass or Nickel Finish. Easily adjusted. Height, 4½ ins. ... .. £3 : 3 : 0

Order from your agent, or post free from the sole Manufacturers.

Photographs and particulars of other models on application. Owners' own designs cast.



Thomas Gray & Co  
199, Strand.  
London.  
W. C. 2.

DO NOT LET  
PROCRASTINATION  
ROB YOU OF  
La Meriel's Acquaintance

**E**NJOY the real Havana flavour every day without paying big prices for your cigars. In "La Meriel de Luxe" you get that delicious aroma which is as difficult to describe as it is easy to detect. As a judge of cigars you are missing one of the best things in life if you do not know how good—and how inexpensive these "La Meriel" cigars are.

If your tobacconist cannot supply you, we will—or else send you the address of the nearest agent. Don't let procrastination rob you of "La Meriel's" acquaintance.

54/- per 100 ; 27/- per 50.

Post paid for troops abroad :  
42/6 per 100 ; 21/6 per 50.

SIDNEY PULLINGER, Ltd.  
41, CANNON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

# La Meriel

DE LUXE

C.F.H.

## "Smoke Clouds, you set me dreaming"—

dreaming of the days when this good old DECCA shared the fortunes and misfortunes of the Dug-out and Billet. Of days when only the DECCA provided us with entertainment and made us forgetful of our surroundings! Good old DECCA! Though battered and maltreated unmercifully, you yet kept valiantly on and saw the business through. And still you do your turn—always able pleasureably to pass away the time for me and my friends.

**THE DECCA**  
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Gamage's and all leading Stores and Music Dealers. The new "Decca" Book, "Back to Civilian Life," free from the Manufacturers.

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32, Worship St., London, E.C. 2.  
(Proprietors :  
Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.)

In Leather Cloth

£7 15s. 0d.

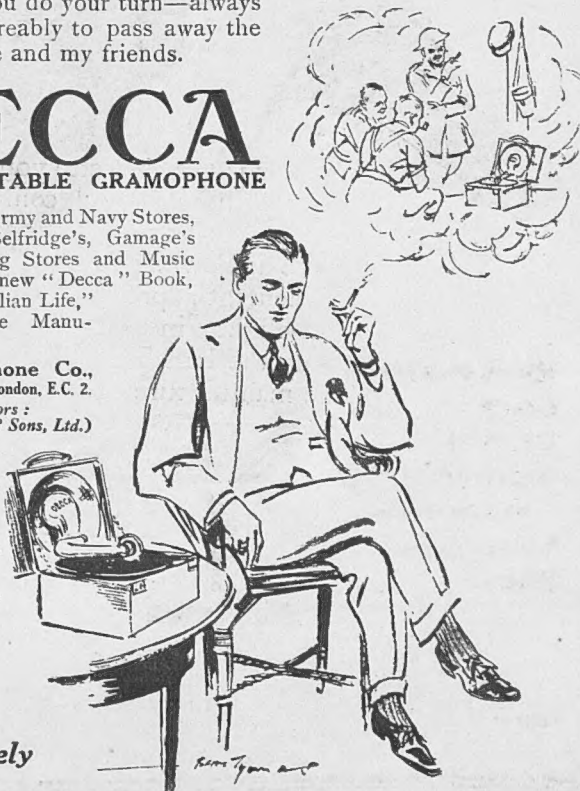
Compressed Fibre

£8 15s. 0d.

Solid Cowhide

£12 12s. 0d.

Ready to  
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Immediately  
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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

INDUSTRIAL PREFERENCE SHARES.

WE are often asked to recommend sound Industrial shares for investment purposes, and below we give a list of five Preference shares which we look upon as attractive. The average yield is between 6½ and 6¾ per cent., and the security is first class. Some of them we have recommended before in these columns, and our faith has been fully justified—

Company.	Share.	Nominal.	Current Quotation	Yield Per cent.
Benger's Food	6 Per Cent. Cum. Prefs.	£5	4½	6 6 3
Selfridge's	6 Per Cent. Cum. Prefs.	£1	15-32	5 3 9*
J. C. & J. Sears	7 Per Cent. Cum. Prefs.	£1	11-16	6 11 9
William Whiteley	4½ Per Cent. Cum. Prefs.	£1	11-16	6 11 6
Liebig's	5 Per Cent. Cum. Prefs.	£5	41-8	6 2 0

\* Free of income tax up to 6s. in the £.

Benger's Food paid 11½ per cent. on their £250,000 Ordinary shares last year, and have reserves and balances totalling £181,000. So the 30,000 Preference shares are very well covered. The market in them is naturally rather restricted. Selfridge's are thoroughly progressive and doing a rapidly increasing business, and to anyone who is liable to the full 6s. in the £ income tax, the yield is very attractive.

J. C. and J. Sears have been mentioned before in these Notes, and are better known as the True Form Boot Company. The Directors have always financed prudently, and have built up a strong position. Reserves and carry forward at the last accounts amounted to £122,600.

In common with the rest of the big drapery houses, Wm. Whiteley have had a very prosperous time lately, and the distribution on the Ordinary shares has been brought to 8 per cent., and reserves attended to. The shares should stand higher. Both classes of Liebig's shares are covered by reserves and undivided profits.

OUR STROLLER IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"Hullo! How on earth—"

Our Stroller's expression of alarm caused his broker to break off sharply.

The pair moved into the Russian Mining Market (where there is always plenty of room), and in a sentence or two Our Stroller explained the situation.

"It gives me awful thrills to come in here," he confessed. "I know I shall be spotted one day, and then have my coat ripped off my back and all that kind of thing. But don't give me away until it's necessary, will you?"

The broker reassured him on the point, and then, "Have you been round the House?" he asked, after recovering from his astonishment and amusement at his client's audacity.

"Yes, I have been into some parts, but I can't understand it a bit. Why don't you admit strangers, and authorise paid guides to show them round?"

"I'd like to take it on myself," said the broker reflectively. "Where we now are is the so-called Market for Russian Mining Shares."

"So called?"

"Yes. Hardly anyone ever deals here except on those rare occasions when there happens to be a little life for perhaps two weeks. But, of course, the market will wake up for good some day. I shouldn't sell the shares now if I'd got them. Things have been very much better just lately, on the Bolshie news."

"That's a fine dome."

"The only architectural beauty in the Stock Exchange. It has two galleries, do you see? Years ago I climbed round the outside of it, as far as I could. Fine view from there."

"And underneath?"

"Those fellows over there? That's the Chartered Market, and the Rhodesian Market next. See the dome's made of glass, don't you? The chaps who deal in that Market didn't half get the wind up when the day-time raid epidemic was on."

"Well, I shouldn't like to have been there myself if a bomb had fallen through the dome."

"Just as dangerous as most other parts of the House were in those peaceful days," replied the broker. "What do you think of the—"

A pair of men separated broker and client. Our Stroller lingered a second to listen to a bargain being done.

"Chartered are three-six," he heard a jobber say. "Make it you in five hundred."

"Doesn't quite suit."

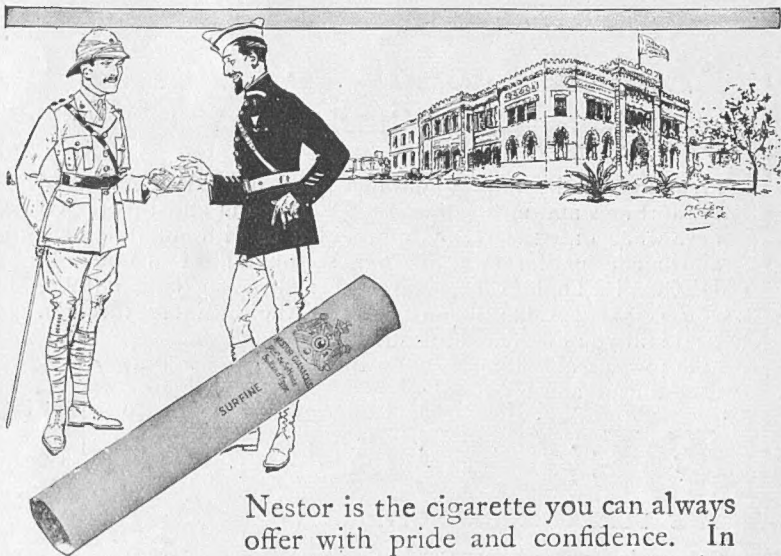
"Three-farthings closer one way."

"Mightn't help me."

"Four-and-a-half close to close then. You can't expect anything better than that."

"I don't, but I'm limited to the precise middle."

[Continued overleaf.]



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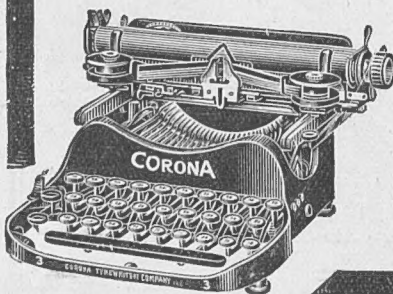
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